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NEW NICK CARTER WEEKLY

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

NICK CARTER'S ADVERTISEMENT

BY THE LIGHT OF NICK'S LANTERN THEY ALL SAW CLEARLY THE BROAD FOOT MARK OF DIRT ON THE THIEF'S SHOULDER'S.

NEW NICK CARTER WEEKLY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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NICK CARTER'S ADVERTISEMENT;

Or, A NEW WAY TO CATCH A CRIMINAL.

Edited by CHICKERING CARTER.

CHAPTER I.

A CRIMINAL'S CLEVER RUSE.

Two men were fighting furiously in the dark. Chairs and tables were overturned and fell to the floor with clatter and crash. The men grappled and lunged this way and that across the room.

"Give me the diamond, or I'll kill you!" hissed one, in a strange language.

"I tell you I haven't got it," the other replied. "If I had it I shouldn't be here."

This exchange of words took place while each was trying to stab the other to the heart. They stumbled together against a door.

The second speaker, who was familiar with the place, pulled the door open and slipped through, trying to shut it in the face of the other. He did not succeed. The first man clung to him, crossed the threshold with him, and kicked the door to.

As it slammed into place, there was a great crash in the room from which they had just come.

The sound told its own story clearly to the first man. Somebody had burst into the room, breaking down the door to do so.

"It must be Nick Carter!" the man muttered, while he kept on fighting in the dark. "If he gets in here, it will be capture and perhaps death for both of us!"

The other man heard the sound of the breaking door. He knew that it meant pursuit, but he did not know of Nick Carter.

All he understood was that he had a deadly foe in his grasp, and that another foe was coming.

He made a last fearful effort to get rid of his unseen enemy. His right arm was free for an instant. He raised it high and brought it down with all his force. There was a dagger in his hand.

It seemed that the first man perceived the danger of such a blow in the dark, for he leaped suddenly aside. Down came the weapon. The point hit an iron shelf over the fireplace.

Snap; the weapon broke in two close to the hilt. The blade fell to the floor.

With a curse, the man who held the dagger dropped the hilt. Now that he was free from his enemy, and also unarmed, he turned to another door and ran out. His enemy let him go without effort to grapple with him again.

Instead of keeping up the fight, the man leaped toward the spot where he had heard the dagger blade fall, ringing to the floor.

"It is the only chance for escape," he muttered. "I don't know my way in this house, and he'll be on me in a few seconds."

Luckily, his hand touched the blade of the dagger at the first try. Reaching out across the floor, he found the broken handle also.

Somebody was already trying to open the door. Another instant and that somebody would burst the door in.

"It's the only way," the man muttered again.

With the quickness of a cat, he dropped to the floor. The broken blade of the dagger was under him.

He lay on his back, placing the handle of the dagger upon his breast in such a way that, if it could be seen, it would look as if the blade had been driven in up to the hilt.

His head was thrown back; eyes and mouth were wide open, but motionless; one leg was drawn up, and he clutched with both hands at his breast, as if he had tried to pull the dagger out while a spark of life remained in him.

No sooner had he assumed this position, than the door was battered down. A man rushed in.

The newcomer halted for just an instant after crossing the threshold. Then there was a sudden bright glow from a pocket lantern. The light showed him one of the criminals he was after, lying apparently dead, stabbed through the heart.

He gave but a glance at the supposed dead man, then hurried on to capture the one who was yet alive.

The instant the newcomer was gone, and the room was again in pitch darkness, the man rolled over. He ripped up the edge of the carpet and tucked the dagger blade and handle beneath it. Then he arose and darted silently into the room where the fight began.

From the rooms beyond, he heard sounds that showed that the detective who flashed a light on him had met with resistance. He chuckled triumphantly at first, and then hesitated.

A new fear had come upon him. Would not the detective be forced back into this part of the house? There seemed to be no escape through the door that the detective burst open, for already steps were heard outside.

Tenants of the house had been awakened by the racket, and were coming to see what was the matter. Even now there was one coming in at the door. The criminal could see him, but he heard his burly form stumbling over the upset chairs.

Then the criminal who had feigned death as the only way of escaping from the detective, saw only one way of escaping from this new situation.

With one leap he reached the man who was stumbling through the room.

He raised his own knife to strike. Just then they both heard the voice of the detective speaking to those who stood in his way in the room beyond. They heard these words:

"I am an officer."

The criminal's arm seemed paralyzed for a moment. He had recognized that voice.

"I thought so," he mumbled. "It is Nick Carter!"

The man against whom he had leaped heard the words also. He did not know who Nick Carter was, but the word "officer" maddened him. A curse came from his lips, as he tried to break away from the criminal's clutch.

"An officer!" he said. "I'll kill him!"

This gave the criminal a new thought. Why not let this man go, in the hope that he would attack the brave detective from behind and get him out of his way forever? It was a good idea.

He let go suddenly, and leaped aside.

The other man, confused and angry, stumbled on toward the room where the voice was heard.

Then the criminal made for the broken door, meaning to go through it to the stairs, and so out of the house.

But there were many steps on the stairs. He heard the sound of many angry voices.

It would be too risky to face an enemy on the narrow stairway. No one could hope to fight his way through unharmed. Every second's delay here was full of danger.

He gave up thought of the stairs and felt along the wall of the room.

Ah! his hands touched glass. It was a window. He raised it quickly. Outside it was almost as dark as within.

There was barely enough light to show that there was nothing between the window ledge and the ground.

The criminal crawled through, let himself hang a moment, and dropped.

* * * * * * *

Such was the clever and desperate ruse by which Jan Pallog escaped from Nick Carter in the very heart of Whitechapel, London.

Pallog was a Roumelian traveler. He had found a diamond of enormous value in far-away Borneo and had got possession of it for the queen of Roumelia. He said he had bought the diamond from a savage king. Many persons doubted this story, believing that Pallog had obtained the stone by fraud.

However that might be, he had passed through New York with it on his way to his native country, and had been tempted by the value of the stone to pretend that it had been stolen.

The Carter detectives were engaged to investigate the matter, with the result that Nick quickly suspected Pallog himself as the thief.

They laid a trap for him, and Patsy, by some very clever detective work, got possession of the stone while crossing the ocean in the same steamer with Pallog.

Patsy delivered the diamond to the Roumelian minister in London, who sent his messenger to Amsterdam

to talk with diamond cutters there about preparing the stone for the queen's crown. The messenger was mysteriously murdered in a railway car at Charing Cross.

Meantime Pallog, who had been arrested, had escaped from prison. Everybody but Nick Carter believed that Pallog was the man who murdered the messenger.

Nick saw evidence pointing to a native of Borneo, who, it was believed, had been following Pallog over the world in the hope of taking the diamond away from him.

Pallog himself had the same theory about the murder, and, besides, he believed that the black man from Borneo had taken the wonderful diamond from the messenger.

So he had hunted for the black man, had found him in a Whitechapel lodging house, and had attacked him for the purpose of getting the stone again.

That was where Pallog had made a mistake. The black man did not have the stone, for the murdered messenger did not have the diamond with him at the time of his death.

Nick, following close upon the trail of both criminals, Pallog and the black man, came upon them in the manner described while they were having their deadly battle in the dark. The detective was completely deceived by Pallog's ruse.

He went on to capture the black man, and did capture him, believing all the time that the black had killed Pallog.

The drop to the ground was a short one, and when Pallog landed he was only a little shaken. He stumbled a bit and then dodged into a doorway. The place was a court between buildings.

It was irregular in shape, and narrow, crooked alleys led from it in several directions.

One of them, as Pallog knew, led to Whitechapel Road, the main street of that district. Where the others led he did not know.

It was so dark that he could not even see where the entrances to the alleys were. One thing he was sure of: He did not care to go through the alley that led to Whitechapel Road.

Pallog could hear their steps and voices in the alley toward the main street. Policemen would likely come in that way, too. A couple of men hurried past him.

"Wot's the row, Bill?" one was asking.

"Dunno; murder, likely," the other replied.

Pallog could have reached out and touched them. After they had gone on, he darted across the court to the building on the other side. There again he got into a doorway and waited a moment.

The coast was clear in the direction away from the main street. He felt along the walls until he came to an opening.

It led apparently straight into a house, for it was covered like a hallway. But it was stone-paved, and Pallog knew that it must have an end at some court, or alley.

Like most of the passages thereabout, it was crooked. Cautiously he advanced and rounded a bend. Then he discerned a faint glow.

Proceeding more boldly, he came out presently, as he had expected to, in another court. This was lighted by a single street lamp in one corner. At that corner was the entrance to another passage. Pallog didn't like the looks of it.

"Probably leads to the main street," he thought.

He was not yet ready to go into a well-lighted street, for he was too near the scene of the fight, and he was not sure that his clothes were free from blood.

He thought he had cut the black man more than once in the struggle with him. In that case, not only his clothes, but his hands and face would be likely to have marks that would arouse the suspicion of policemen. He wanted no trouble with them.

As he had escaped from the Old Bailey Prison that morning, he knew that every policeman would be on the watch for him. So Pallog turned away from the alley by the light.

There was an opening that seemed to be very like the one he had just come through on the farther side of the court. He could see it only dimly and could not be sure whether it was a public passage or an open doorway.

Before he had made up his mind what it was, he heard steps coming rapidly up the alley near the light. Instantly he darted forward and slipped into the opening.

The moment his foot passed from the court, he knew that he had made a mistake.

This was not a stone pavement, but a wooden floor. He would have retreated, but strong arms reached out in the darkness and grasped him.

CHAPTER II.

HELPED BY A HAG.

Pallog had put away his dagger. He feared to be seen with it in his hand after getting out of the lodging house.

There was a revolver in his hip pocket, but he did not care to bring all the police of the neighborhood against him by using it, unless he had to. He had been caught by the throat and shoulder.

For an instant he stood perfectly still. He offered no resistance whatever. It was a man who had grasped him, and it was a man's voice that demanded:

"Wot the mischief ye tryin' to do? an' who be ye?"

Saying this, he didn't relax his grip on Pallog's throat. The traveler could neither answer, nor breathe. Nevertheless, he stood perfectly still for a moment longer.

Then he caught the hand that held his throat, tore it away, grasped the unseen man under the armpits, lifted

him up, and hurled him back into the darkness. It was a feat worthy of Nick Carter himself.

The unseen man bumped against one thing and another, and there was a great clatter of pans, kettles, and crockery when he came down. He gasped. Then another voice spoke. It was harsh, but evidently that of a woman.

"Lor' bless us!" it said. "Wot's hup?"

Pallog had no intention of answering. Indeed, he meant to slip out again, but two things made him hesitate. First there was the infernal racket the man had made when he went stumbling and falling across the room. It might have waked everybody in the building, and that would have made Pallog's escape difficult. Second, the woman had struck a match as she spoke. Its flame lighted the room enough for Pallog to see and be seen, and he thought it best then to stay and face the consequences.

His keen mind quickly formed a plan for turning the situation to his advantage. The woman touched the flame to a candle wick. It caught, and she held the candle up level with her eyes and peered at the stranger.

What Pallog saw was a most villainous hag. She was not old, but her face was wrinkled, her hair loose, her clothing a dirty collection of rags.

He also saw, a little beyond her, a man seated on the floor, his knees up, his hands spread out beside him, his back against the wall.

All around him were broken dishes and upset pans that had fallen from a table with which he had collided when Pallog threw him. He sat there motionless, staring in the greatest wonder. Scoundrel though he was, Pallog could not help a smile of amusement.

"Don't stand there and grin like a monkey!" snarled the hag. "Tell us who ye be, and wot ye mean by tearin' into a peaceable 'ouse at dead o' night. Come, now!"

"I made a mistake, madam, that's all," responded Pallog politely. "I thought your doorway was a public passage."

He raised his hand to his head to take off his hat, and was surprised to find that he was bareheaded. That fact he had not noticed before. His hat must have dropped off during the fight, or while he lay pretending death.

The hag noticed his movement and seemed to understand, for there was an evil gleam of satisfaction in her eyes as she demanded again:

"Who be ye? wot be ye? says I. Speak hup!"

Pallog looked quickly over the place. He noticed the poor furniture, the filth, the vile expressions on the faces of the man and the woman.

"Criminals of the lowest class," he thought.

Aloud, but softly, he replied:

"Madam, I am a lifter."

"A lifter!" she repeated; "aha! I thought as much."

She went closer to him.

"Good clothes," she muttered, "if they are mussed hup. An' you've got arms, 'aven't ye an' 'ands, too?"

She said this with plain admiration in her hoarse tone. Then she raised the candle near his face.

"Arms that can lift," she went on, peering sharply at him, "and 'ands that can hit 'ard, an' a face that—ah! a face that's blood on it! Ah! blood on 'is face! There's been trouble; trouble an' blood, eh?"

Pallog stood her examination coolly, though, in spite of his own villainous heart, he felt like shuddering when she looked at him.

She turned sharply to the man who still sat where Pallog had thrown him.

"Get up, Jack, ye paralyzed bloke!" she commanded, in a whisper; "get up an' shut the door."

The man arose then and obeyed, staring in wonderment at Pallog as he passed.

"Now, mister man," said the hag, "there's one kind of lifters an' there's others. Mebbe you're one kind an' mebbe you're playin' a dodge. No matter, says I, if the hofficers are hafter ye, we're with ye, Jack an' me. But ye see, to begin with, ye've smashed my dishes an' ye've spoiled the little game we'd been puttin' up fer to git our breakfast."

Pallog did not fully understand all this, but he answered readily:

"The officers are after me, madam. I've had a close shave, as you can see. I am glad you have seen blood on my face, for that tells me that I must wash it off before I go further. As for your dishes, I shall be very glad to pay you your own price for them if you will kindly let me have a basin of water and a towel."

She nodded her head from time to time as she spoke. The candle was still held at a level of her eyes. At last she set the candle on the table, seeming to be satisfied with her examination.

"Jack," she said, "stir round, now. Make yourself useful. Get the gent a drop of water an' suthin' to wipe 'is face with."

The man bestirred himself stupidly. He had not yet got over his surprise at the way Pallog had handled him. While he was getting a washbasin ready, the hag sat on a stool and said:

"We ain't up to your game, Jack an' me; we hain't. That's clear enough from the cut of your rig. We 'ave to lie low fer wot comes our way."

"Was that what you were doing," asked Pallog, "when I blundered in?"

"Hit were. We keeps the door hopen of a dark night like this, and hoften hit 'appens that a swell bloke comes reelin' in. The swells come down to Whitechapel to see wot it's like, d'ye mind? An' they gits loaded an' don't know where they're goin'. Many a one of 'em has come in 'ere."

"Do they mistake the door for a passage?"

"That's it. We lie low, an' when they git inside we

grab 'em. Then I lights a light an' Jack puts on the 'igh an' mighty an' talks of callin' in the police."

She stopped to chuckle as if she remembered some incident of the sort that amused her.

"I suppose the fools give up handsome, don't they?" asked Pallog.

"Depends on 'ow much they've got," she answered. "Hif a man 'as as much as a sovereign left, 'e's generally glad henough to get rid of it to save bein' taken in by the officers. Hif 'e hain't got that much, we takes wot we can get, Jack an' me does."

"What if he tried to bluff you?"

"Hit don't work, that's all. We manage to git the money, one way or hanother."

By this time Jack had brought a basin of water and a rag that he called a towel. Pallog, used to roughing it, made use of it without a murmur. He washed his face carefully, slapped the dust from his clothes, and then asked for a looking-glass.

"Huh!" grunted the hag, "you'll 'ave to go further fer that. Wot do you take us fer—fashion plates? P'raps you'd like to borry me pearl-handled brush an' me silver comb?"

"No," said Pallog, smiling. "I can get along without them. But, tell me, do I look all right?"

"Purty as a picter."

"No nonsense, now."

"Straight, mister."

"Fit to be seen, eh?"

"Sure!"

"Blood all gone?"

"Every bit."

"Wot was it all about?" asked Jack, speaking for the first time since Pallog threw him.

The hag did not give Pallog a chance to answer.

"Hidiot!" she hissed, turning to Jack. "Wot do ye want the gent to give hisself away fer?"

"I don't want 'im to give hisself away," muttered Jack uneasily; "I was only wonderin', that's all. Hif 'e's one of our kind——"

"But 'e hain't, don't you see? 'E's a top-lofty member of the perfesh an' you're only a hignorant scaramouch. Huh! you keep yer tongue in yer 'ead, Jack."

"The question does no harm," said Pallog. "I simply had a scrap with a man who wants to see me again more than I want to see him, unless——"

"Hunless his back is turned?"

"Yes."

The hag laughed hideously.

"You're the right sort!" she croaked.

"I think so, but if anybody comes along here asking questions, you haven't seen me; understand?"

"Hof course! I'm not thick. Jack is, but I'll answer for 'im, never fear."

"I don't. Will this fix up your broken dishes?"

Pallog handed her a ten-shilling piece.

"'Andsome!" she cried greedily. "You can smash hup wot there is left hat the same rate, if you like."

"Thank you; I've hit enough things for one night, but there's one thing more I'm going to hit before I go to bed."

"Wot's that? the bloke wot's hafter ye?"

"No, not unless he gets in my way."

"Then——"

"Never mind, madam. Better keep my cribs to myself, hadn't I?"

"That's right. Don't peep to nobody. That's my rule."

"Good night, then."

"Good luck to ye, gent."

Jack opened the door, and Pallog stepped out.

Then he remembered something, and turned back.

"I say," he said, "I've lost my hat."

"I seen that," said Jack.

"What? My hat?"

"No; that ye hadn't got none."

"Well, haven't you got something that will do for me to wear in the dark?"

"I dunno; mebbe."

"I'll give you half a crown for anything that will stay on my head."

The woman spoke up:

"Let 'im 'ave your hat, Jack. You can git another in the mornin' fer a shillin'."

Without another word, the man brought out a badly battered hat, and gave it to Pallog, who paid the half crown he had promised, and started away.

That part of the district was quiet now, and he went down the lighted alley. It brought him to a narrow street that led to Whitechapel Road.

He did not dare yet to be seen there, so he wandered about through alleys and passages for several minutes. When at last he took the chance of going to the main street he was a long distance from the scene of his adventure with the black man and the detective. A number of persons were on the street, although it was past midnight.

None of them paid any attention to him, and still he felt a little doubtful about his appearance. It was not quite time for drinking places to shut up for the night.

Pallog went into the private bar of a public saloon. Having called for his favorite drink—brandy—he took his glass into what was called the "sitting room." This was a room with chairs and tables behind the bar.

A man and woman were drinking ale there, and they sat directly in front of the only mirror in the room. Pallog crossed to the farthest corner so that he might get a glimpse of his reflection in the mirror as he passed. His heart chilled when he saw his face.

He sat down, and his hand trembled so that his liquor spilled. It was not that he saw blood on his face. The

hag had spoken truly when she said that all signs of his struggle had been washed away.

The trouble was that he saw his own face, undisguised. When he made his escape from prison he had worn a false beard, and shortly after that he had still further changed his appearance so that he felt sure no one would recognize him.

In his struggle with the black man, or in his flight afterward, he could not tell when, the beard had been lost. The washing of his face had done the rest. He wondered what had become of the beard.

"If it dropped off in one of those alleys," he thought, "the detectives may find it. That will give them a clew to the direction I took. So they may come to the place where Jack and his hag wife live. They're not to be trusted to keep my secret. A coin will buy their information. They can tell which direction I took, and then it wouldn't be hard for a shrewd detective like Carter to trace me, for I have been seen by a hundred persons. Carter may be on my track now! But perhaps he has been killed. I hope so, but it won't do to take chances. If I want to keep my liberty and get that diamond, I've got to act at once.

"The black didn't have it. That is certain. Then the messenger he killed didn't have it. That means that the stone must still be in the possession of the Roumelian minister. Fortunately, I know his house address. That's my crib, and I must crack it before daylight."

He paid for his second drink and went out, feeling as if every person in the place and on the street were looking at him.

CHAPTER III.

OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

Once more he took to side streets and alleys until he came to a station of the underground railway. Trains do not run all night on this line, but Pallog found that he was in time for the last train westward. It was due in six minutes, and that short time seemed like an hour.

Every second he feared that one of the waiting passengers would prove to be a detective. He changed his revolver from his hip pocket to the side pocket of his coat.

Then he kept his hand in that pocket, grasping the butt of the weapon, with his thumb on the hammer, prepared to bring it forth and shoot the man who should lay hands on him. It was lucky for those passengers that none of them spoke to him.

Pallog was so excited, and so determined to keep his liberty, that he would have shot a man who asked him the simplest question.

When the train came, he got into a compartment where there were no other passengers, and stayed there until a stop was made at Earl's Court, a station in that part of London known as Kensington. He got there, and he became more confident as he passed through the station without attracting notice.

The streets in that part of town were deserted. A short walk brought him to a street on which were a number of private houses. It was here, somewhere, that the Roumelian minister lived.

Pallog knew the number, but he had never been to the house, and his first step was to walk through the street to get a general idea of the place. He found that, without exception, every house had a garden in front of it. None of the gardens could be seen, because there was a high wall running along the street front. In some places this wall was of brick, in others of stone. Here and there trees and bushes showed over the top.

From one side of the street he could see the house fronts on the other, and found that the houses were placed far back from the sidewalk.

It was also possible to see that the top of the high wall was guarded everywhere by broken glass, cemented to the stone or brick. There was a gate, or door, in the wall in front of each house.

Sometimes the entrance was the full height of the wall, and in other cases it was like an ordinary door, reaching only part way up. In every case the gateway was covered with jagged glass at the top.

If it hadn't been for the glass, he could have leaped up, caught the top of the wall, and pulled himself up. Then he could have dropped down on the other side. As it was, he could not have leaped up without the certainty of cutting his hands badly. Such a thing as that was not to be risked. He was not discouraged, however.

As he went along the street, he looked for a piece of board, or anything that might be propped against the wall and so enable him to get his hands on the top carefully.

"I could knock off a little of the broken glass," he thought, "with the butt of my revolver, and so get a place where I could hang on without cutting myself."

He found the minister's number and saw that his wall was guarded like the rest. From end to end of the street he went, and could not find a stick.

Back he went to the minister's house, and stood in front of it for several minutes, thinking.

"Perhaps," he thought presently, "some shopkeeper near the station has left a box on the sidewalk. Or I might manage to unhook a sign and use it as a step-ladder."

He started back toward Earl's Court. On the way, he met a policeman. The officer was walking slowly along, trying the doors and gates in the garden walls to see that they were properly fastened. Pallog walked briskly.

"Good evening, officer," he said, as they passed.

"Good evening, sir," responded the policeman.

Pallog halted at a corner and stepped into the shadow of a gateway. From there he watched the policeman go

the whole length of the street and then disappear round a corner.

"All right," thought the criminal. "He won't trouble this street again to-night. That danger is out of the way."

He was about to go on again when he saw that he was observed. A man stood, half leaning against a lamp-post, looking at him. Pallog could not see the man's face, but he noticed that his shoulders were rounded and that he had his hands in his pockets.

The man wore a cap that was drawn down over his eyes. For a moment Pallog hesitated. His old fear of pursuit by a shrewd detective had come upon him. He fingered his revolver.

Then he slowly approached the man. The man did not stir, and when Pallog was close, he saw from his slouchy appearance that he was either a drunken loafer or a crook. Pallog halted directly in front of him, and for a moment they looked silently at each other.

"Nice evening," said Pallog presently.

"Huh!" grunted the other, "that depends."

"It isn't dark enough for some things, eh?" Pallog demanded.

"It might be darker."

"But the policeman on this beat has got out of the way."

"Yes; 'e won't be back."

"And it isn't likely that any other will come along before daylight."

"That's so."

"Then don't let me stand in your way if you've picked out a crib along here that you want to crack."

At this the man took his hands from his pockets and came a little closer.

"I'm onto you," said he, in a low tone. "You needn't try to take a rise out of me. I know you."

"So?"

"I don't mean that I have seen you before, but I'm onto you. Wot was you spottin' that hofficer fer? That's wot I says. Wot was it?"

"Why," responded Pallog easily, "to see if he did his duty. That's all."

"Duty! huh! you've been pipin' off a crib on your own account. Needn't tell me."

Pallog laughed lightly.

"We're two of a kind, aren't we?" he asked.

"Mebbe. I'm not sayin' hanything."

"No, and that's right, but I am. Now, listen: I'm going to make you an offer."

"Wot is it?"

"There a friend of mine lives in one of these houses back here."

"Well?"

"I want to give him a surprise."

"Huh!"

"He doesn't know I'm going to call on him."

"An' you don't mean to leave no card. Well?"

"His gate is locked, and so I've got to get over the wall."

"Uh-huh. Why don't you?"

"Because—but you know."

"Dunno. I never tried it."

"Rubbish! you know all about garden walls. I want you to be my ladder."

The man shrugged his shoulders and slouched away a few paces, with his head down. Pallog let him go. Presently the man halted and came slowly back.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Yes. You can skip as soon as I'm over. I'll do the job inside alone."

"Wot do I get out of it?"

"It's worth a shiner to me."

In the slang of London crooks a "shiner" is a gold piece worth ten shillings, or about $2.50 of American money.

"Let's see it," said the man.

Pallog took a ten-shilling piece from his pocket and showed it in the light of the street lamp. The man looked at it greedily.

"It's a go," he said.

He held out his hand.

"Not yet," said Pallog, putting the coin in his pocket. "Work first and pay afterward."

"I won't take no chance on bein' bilked."

"I won't bilk you. Let me get on your back and the shiner is yours."

"All right."

Back they went to the minister's gate.

"Now, then," whispered Pallog, "let's make a quick job of it."

"I'll take my pay now," muttered the man.

"You shall have it. Stoop."

As he spoke, Pallog put his hand in his pocket. The man squatted on the walk close to the wall and held up a hand.

"Here you are," said Pallog, reaching down a bright coin.

The man's hand closed over it. Pallog stepped on his shoulders.

"Rise, now!" he whispered.

Slowly, and with great difficulty, the man stood up. He was no athlete. His body quivered and he clung to the wall as well as he could while Pallog's weight was on him.

"'Urry!" he whispered eagerly; "fer 'eaven's sake, 'urry! I can't stand it forhever!"

Pallog's head was level with the top of the wall. He reached his arm across it and broke off two pieces of jagged glass that stood higher than the rest. They fell silently upon the grass inside the garden. Then, with his elbows on the cleared space, he raised himself, and in a moment was on his knees on top.

He did not pause there, but, taking pains that his clothing should not be torn by the glass guards, let himself over the other side and dropped.

The man who had acted as Pallog's ladder ran panting down the street to the nearest lamp-post, where he stopped to look at the bright coin that had been given him. His jaw dropped and his brow wrinkled in a savage scowl.

"Curse 'im!" he muttered, "if 'e 'asn't rung me fer a fard!"

By "fard" he meant farthing, the smallest piece of money coined in England. It is of copper, and is worth one-half of an American cent. When fresh from the mint a farthing is very bright. As it is almost exactly the same size as a gold ten-shilling piece, it is very easy to mistake one for the other when there isn't time for a close examination. The man hadn't examined the coin at all when Pallog handed it to him. He had simply closed his hand over it, believing it to be the "shiner" that had been shown him a minute before.

Whether Pallog tricked him purposely cannot be said. It might have been a mistake, and that seems likely, for the shrewd criminal would hardly have taken the risk of making a dangerous enemy for the sake of saving a few shillings. But whatever the explanation, the thing was done.

The man glared at the almost worthless coin a moment and then threw it angrily on the ground.

"The cussed bilker!" he muttered.

He shook his fist at the house where Pallog was. At that moment a startling noise began there. A number of bells began to ring; there was a loud buzzing sound, and above the racket came the sharp crack of a pistol.

"Blow me," chuckled the man by the lamp-post, "hif there ain't a burglar halarm on that 'ouse, an' the bloke's gone an' set it off! Serve 'im proper right, the bilker!"

He could hear sounds that indicated that men were running about in the house and garden.

"I 'opes they catches 'im!" he muttered.

Then it struck him that perhaps there would be danger for himself if he stayed near, for the police would come soon. He picked up the farthing he had thrown away, and started to run. Then he heard a slam, and, turning his head, saw a man running away from a garden gate a little beyond the one in front of the minister's house. It was Pallog, undoubtedly.

The criminal had somehow escaped the inmates of the house he had tried to enter. He had either jumped over the wall into another garden or had found an open gate. Then he had gone out through a street gate that could be opened without a key from the inside.

So much was clear enough, and for a moment the man with the farthing was disappointed. He had hoped that the criminal would be captured. Then he had a new idea.

It didn't come very quickly, for his mind was slow. But he thought of getting even with the fellow who had bilked him. So he pursued Pallog, at first thought of helping the police, and then getting far to catch up with the fugitive and demand ten shillings in return for the farthing. All that was well enough to think about, but it was another matter to catch up with Jan Pallog.

The man chased Pallog to a long street that led to the central part of Kensington. Pallog never stopped running, and the man followed as best he could, without gaining a yard. At last he lost sight of the criminal, but he kept running, and did not halt until he came to Kensington High Street.

Then he looked around. At a little distance he saw a hansom cab drawing up at the curb. A passenger was climbing in. The man recognized Pallog again and ran toward the cab. The cab started before he came to it.

Pallog was then standing in the front part, speaking to the driver over the roof.

"To Euston in a hurry," Pallog said.

The man with the farthing didn't know what to do.

"Curse him!" he muttered, again and again. "If I should yell out and bring the police I might get pinched for 'elpin' 'im hover the wall. An' 'e wouldn't pay me, anyway, the mean bloke. Oh! I'm a dead-straight loser, I am."

CHAPTER IV.

A TIP FOR NICK CARTER.

What happened in the minister's house can be told quickly. The first known of anything wrong was when the burglar alarm went off. Everybody was aroused by the racket. Servants rushed from their rooms with revolvers. The minister himself dressed hastily and went downstairs to the front door.

Meantime one of the servants had caught sight of a man running around the house. He was making toward a side gate that led into a neighbor's garden. The servant fired his revolver. He was so excited that he shot wild. The bullet did not come anywhere near the criminal, who pushed open the gate and went through. It proved later that the gate had not been quite closed.

Once through it, the criminal shut it behind him. Then it was fastened by a spring lock. It was a solid gate, like a door, and there was no use in firing through it.

None of the half-dressed servants had a key to the gate. One ran back to the house and brought a key.

By the time the gate was opened, Pallog had gone out by the front gate of that garden. The servants hunted around in the bushes and in the angles of the house, and after a time they went out to the street. Pallog was then far on the way to the place where he found a cab.

The minister and his servants were still hunting for the burglar, when a couple of policemen came up on the run. They had been warned by the alarm that connected with the station where they belonged. Behind them

ce. "Just pulli[illegible]om cab. It halted at the minister's gate, and two men got out.

The minister had come down to the sidewalk to speak to the policemen. He was telling them what little he knew about the affair when he saw the newcomers.

"By all that's lucky!" he exclaimed. "Nick Carter!"

"Yes," said Nick.

"And the young man, too," added the minister, shaking hands with Patsy.

"We captured the man who killed your messenger," Nick exclaimed shortly, "and, as Pallog is still at large, we came here to warn you. He's likely to come here in the hope of getting that diamond, and he isn't the man to lose any time about it."

"I think he got here ahead of you, Mr. Carter."

"I see that something has happened. You've had a call?"

"Yes. Our burglar alarm frightened him away."

"Did anybody see him?"

"Nobody who could identify him. There was just a glimpse of a man escaping into the next yard."

"It must have been Pallog," said Nick. "He's a swift one. Less than three hours ago I saw him lying dead, as I supposed, in a Whitechapel lodging house."

"Dead!"

"I will explain that later. I had other things to do just then, and left him. A few minutes later I discovered that he had come to life and disappeared."

While he spoke, Nick was stooping just inside the garden wall and feeling of the grass. Now he arose with a piece of broken glass in his hand. Looking up at the top of the wall, he said:

"This is where he got over. He must have had an accomplice."

"That's an unpleasant thought, Mr. Carter," responded the minister. "It's bad enough to know that we have to be on our guard against Pallog alone."

"He couldn't have got over that wall without help," said Nick quietly. "You'd better make up your mind that there was an accomplice."

"Very well, but who——"

"I cannot tell."

Nick was talking very rapidly.

"How about the diamond?" he asked, in a low tone.

"It is safe, Mr. Carter."

"Sure?"

"Oh, yes. The man didn't get into the house. I had the stone in my bedroom."

"Where is it now?"

"In my pocket."

"Very well."

"Shall I show it to you?"

"No. I must get on the trail of Pallog. Was it that garden he went into?"

"No; the one on the other side. That gate——"

Nick did not wait to hear the explanation, but ran along the sidewalk to the gate opening into the garden of the next house. He had taken his pocket lantern out for the purpose of hunting for footprints. Before he opened the slide, he observed a dim form slinking into a gateway across the street. Instantly he flashed the rays of the lantern in that direction. The bright rays showed him a startled man, who was trying to squeeze himself into the shadow of the gatepost.

Nick kept the light on him and crossed. The man was so astonished and frightened that he could not stir.

"What are you doing here?" Nick demanded sharply.

He saw a shabby-looking man, with a cap pulled down over his eyes. The fellow's teeth were chattering.

"Nawthin', nawthin'," stammered the man, "so help me, I was just goin' 'ome, I was."

"You don't live around here," said the detective, "and this isn't on your way home. Come, now, speak up!"

"I just turned down 'ere to see wot all the row was about."

"Oh! that was it."

"Yes, sir; so 'elp me!"

Nick looked at him sharply. Meantime the policeman and some others had come up.

"Ha!" exclaimed one of the officers, "that must be the man we're after, Mr. Carter. I know him for a common thief."

"I'm innercent, so 'elp——" began the man.

"Let him alone, please," Nick interrupted. "If he knows anything about the matter, he'll tell me. Won't you?"

This was addressed to the trembling thief, who stared back in a frightened way, without replying.

"Stoop over a minute," said Nick, then, "and turn your back to me."

With a look of awful fear, the thief obeyed.

Nick brought the lantern close to his shoulders, beckoned to the policemen, and pointed with his finger. They all saw clearly a broad mark of dirt on each of the thief's shoulders.

The policemen would have spoken, for they saw what the marks meant, but Nick motioned to them to be silent.

"My man," said he, "you've been playing ladder."

The thief shuddered and turned about, still kneeling.

"Lor' bless me!" he stammered, "but you've gone an' guessed it. That's right, but I didn't go fer to do it. I was 'ired, I was, an' the bloke rung up a fard on me fer a shiner."

"Not quite so fast," said Nick. "Don't be frightened. I shan't trouble you if you tell the truth; the whole truth, mind! You say you were hired?"

"Yes, sir. The bloke said 'e would give me a shiner. I knowed it were wrong, but I needed the money that bad! an' 'e went an' did me fer a fard. See!"

He held up a bright new farthing.

Nick could not help smiling when he saw the coin and understood exactly what had happened.

"Well," said he, "you don't feel very kindly about that fellow, do you?"

"That I doesn't, sir! To tell ye the whole truth, I was comin' back 'ere, 'opin' to give the police a tip. 'E'd ought to be ketched, rot 'im! but you scared the life out o' me with your searchlight."

"That's too bad. Now, tell us the tip."

"Well, sir, I chased 'im up to Kensington 'Igh Street, and seen 'im get inter a cab. 'Euston, in a 'urry,' says 'e to the driver, an' away they went like a streak."

Nick was silent for a moment, waiting to see if the man had anything more to say.

"That's all, so 'elp me, sir, an' I wishes it was more."

"Surely you don't believe him, Mr. Carter," whispered one of the policemen.

"I do."

"But he's a bad egg. He lives by thieving."

"Did he ever commit a great crime?"

"Bless you, no! he hasn't got the wit for it."

"Of course, and that's why I believe he tells the truth. That man Pallog wouldn't have anybody around him who wasn't sharp. So I believe he picked this fellow up by accident and used him just as he says."

The policeman shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

"Now," said Nick, to the thief, "I'm going to have you locked up."

"Couldn't you let me off this time, sir?" the thief whined.

"I'm going to let you off. I shan't bring any charge against you, but I want you as a witness."

"Oh!"

"You'd know that man again, wouldn't you?"

"Sure."

"Then you'd better go with the officers and stay quiet a few days. It won't be long before I will let you go."

"All right, sir, but I don't want to be chucked into quod any more'n any other man."

"Take care of him," said Nick, to the officers, "and understand that he is detained simply as a witness."

The thief was led away, and Nick took the minister and Patsy aside.

"Pallog," said Nick to them, "is on his way to Scotland."

The minister looked surprised.

"You have proved to be a good guesser," he began.

"I'm not a guesser," Nick interrupted. "I simply believe the tip I have just received."

"I don't see how you get Scotland out of it."

"Very simply. There is a mail and newspaper express train that leaves Euston Station for the North at about this hour. Pallog has gone to Euston. It follows that he knows about that train, and that he means to take it. It offers him the quickest and best means of flying far from London."

"I see."

"Of course, he may leave the train at some station, but, as he has been so completely defeated in his operations in London, it is more likely that he will get as far away as the train will take him."

"What do you propose to do, then?"

"Follow him. I understand that you are willing to meet any expense that is necessary?"

"Decidedly yes."

"Good! He is a very sharp man. As long as he is free, he will try to get that diamond."

"That's just the trouble, Mr. Carter. He might double on his tracks and come back here at once."

"I am thinking of that, and I will leave my assistant, Patsy, with you. My other assistant, Chick, is also in town, and will be at your service."

"That makes me feel easier."

"But you'd better deposit the stone in the Bank of England as soon as it opens for business this morning."

"I will do so."

"Good-by, then. I shan't try to catch the early express, for that would be impossible. Indeed, there is a chance that Pallog may miss it, but, in either case, I don't feel that I've any time to lose."

"Good-by, then, Mr. Carter. Shall I hear from you?"

"When I have caught Jan Pallog."

CHAPTER V.

FALSE HOPES.

Nick got into the cab by which he and Patsy had come to Kensington, and told the driver to go to the cab stand in Kensington High Street.

The cab business in London is run by a thorough system. Drivers have to report at certain stands scattered about the city, and they go out from these stands in regular order.

When Nick came to the High Street stand, he asked the man in charge of it about cabs that had gone out within a half hour.

Only three had gone within that time.

One was called for by a gentleman who was known to the keeper, the other started westward on the chance of picking up passengers, and the third had started eastward for the same purpose.

Nick believed that this last cab was the one that Pallog had taken.

He asked its number.

"Seventeen hundred and four," replied the keeper.

It was then almost the time when the early express was due to leave Euston Station. The detective drove to a telephone office and rang up the station master.

"Has the Scotch express gone?" he asked.

"Just pulling out," was the reply.

"Did a passenger come in at the last minute?"

"Yes, a man."

"Can you tell me whether his cab is still in the station?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"I am a detective."

"Oh! hold the wire a minute."

Nick waited until he heard the station master's "Hello."

"Hello," he returned.

"The cab is here."

"What number?"

"Seventeen hundred and four."

"Tell the driver to wait for me."

"Very well, sir. Anything else?"

"Yes. Can you arrange for a special train to follow the Scotch express?"

"Why, I think so. The track will be clear at this time of night."

"Get one ready, then. A swift locomotive and one carriage. I will be at the station as soon as I can drive there."

"Very well, sir, but——"

"But what?"

"We have to pay in advance for specials."

"I will hand you the money as soon as I arrive."

"Oh! I will have the train ready as soon as possible, sir."

Nick got into his cab again, and, after a rapid drive, arrived at Euston Station. There was only one cab in the driveway. It was No. 1704. The detective spoke to the driver, asking him to describe the passenger he had taken from High Street. The driver gave a fair description of Pallog.

"That's all," said Nick; and he gave the man a coin to pay him for the time he had lost in waiting.

"It's all right," he continued to himself. "I'm on the right track. Now to see whether my man actually got aboard the train."

He questioned the men in the ticket office and the station porters.

From what they told him, he became satisfied that Pallog had got aboard the train and that he had not left it when it rolled out of the station. Then Nick looked up the station master.

"I am the man who asked for a special," he said.

"Oh! it will be ready in five minutes, sir."

"Very well. I'll pay now."

This part of the business was settled quickly, and Nick then asked:

"Can the special overtake the Scotch express?"

"No, sir," replied the station master, "not unless the express meets with an accident."

"Can we gain on it?"

"That might be, sir."

"Tell the engineer and conductor, then, that I want to get into Edinburgh as soon as possible after the express."

"I will, sir. Do you want to go through without stops?"

"No. I want to stop everywhere the express stops."

"That isn't often, sir. Stops are only made to take on new engines. The mail and papers are thrown off in passing stations."

"So much the better, but I want to make every stop the other train makes, and I shall want time enough to ask some questions."

"I think that can be arranged, sir. And I have put three carriages on the train instead of one. That will steady it and allow higher speed. But you will be the only passenger."

At that moment the special backed into the station, and Nick got aboard. Little need be said of the journey northward. Nothing happened to interfere with the progress of the special, and there were no clews from the conversations Nick had with men at the few stopping places. He always asked about passengers who had got off the Scotch express. So far as he could learn, nobody answering Pallog's description had left the train.

It was about the middle of the following afternoon when the special halted for a moment at a junction a mile or so from the Edinburgh Station. Nick got out and called to the conductor.

"How far behind the express are we?" he asked.

"The express got in fifteen minutes ago," replied the conductor.

"Good! Run in the rest of the way without me."

"Without you, sir?"

"Yes. Be careful not to let any information leak out about my coming on the special."

"None of us will say anything, sir."

Nick crossed the tracks, climbed a bank, and soon found himself on one of the city streets. A moment later he had taken his place in a cab and was being driven rapidly to the central part of the town.

He was now thoroughly disguised, and so had no fear of being seen by Pallog. What he hoped was that luck would be on his side, and that he might see Pallog walking along the streets.

"Even if he goes straight to a hotel," thought Nick, "he isn't likely to stay indoors after such a long journey. He can't dream that he is being pursued so close. I should think he would take a walk."

Luck did not favor the detective. He had his driver take him down to the railway station, where he made careful inquiries as to the passengers who had arrived by the express. It was difficult getting any definite clew there.

A good many passengers had left the train. The sta-

tion is a gloomy place, and it is often very dark at midday, owing to the smoke from locomotives. A passenger might easily leave a train and go from the station without being noticed by anybody.

It was quite possible, too, that Pallog had managed to disguise himself while on the way. The long and short of it was that Nick learned nothing of value at the station.

He got into his cab again, and had the driver take him about the city until dark. Then he went to a hotel and had dinner.

He telegraphed his address to Patsy and soon afterward got a cipher reply. When translated, it read:

"All quiet here. The crown diamond is safe in a vault in the Bank of England."

Nick believed that Pallog would lie low for several days before going back to London. It did not discourage him that he had not come upon a trace of the man since he had been in Edinburgh. He had hardly begun his search yet.

Time and again Nick had discovered criminals by simply wandering around a city till he came across them. That was to be his plan now. And, as Edinburgh is not a very large city, he felt almost confident that he would meet his man before midnight.

"Pallog has to drink," thought Nick. "He'll go to some rum shop, at least."

Perhaps the detective was a little wrong in his reckoning there. He didn't realize what a fearful dread of Nick Carter was in Pallog's mind.

The criminal had learned to respect all the Carters mightily, and whatever he was it was safe to say that he was constantly in terror lest Nick or one of his assistants should jump on him. But it was not certain that Pallog had come to Edinburgh. Even if he had, it was not certain that he had stayed there. He could have started back to London, which was very unlikely, or he could have taken a train for some place farther north, which was possible, or he could have slipped over to Glasgow, which city is distant only an hour's journey from Edinburgh.

Nick had wandered around the town till after midnight. He was beginning to think that perhaps he would do better to run over to Glasgow.

"I think I know the man well enough to be sure that he won't go to any small town," he thought. "A city is the place for him. And the last train for Glasgow has gone by this time."

The detective was in what is known as the old town of Edinburgh at this time. That part of the city is built on a ridge that slopes very steeply to the valley lying between it and the newer part of the city. Most of the way the slope is too steep for streets, but there are many narrow passages between the buildings. Sometimes these passages, which the Scotch call "closes," are nothing less than flights of stone stairways. Alleys lead from them on each side. It happens that most of the rough people of the city live in the buildings along the closes. There are many saloons scattered among the alleys. Nick had visited every saloon he could find. Nowhere had he come across anything that gave him a hint that Pallog was in the city.

"I'll take one more trip," he said to himself, "and then, if nothing turns up, I'll go to my hotel and see if a few hours of sleep will freshen me up."

He started slowly down the first passage he came to. It was a badly lighted place and one of the steepest. When he was part way down, he saw a man coming stealthily up the stone steps toward him.

As he had done more than once that evening, the detective slipped into the shadow of a doorway and waited.

There was something in this man's movements that seemed like Pallog, and Nick wanted a nearer view. He didn't get it. He had hardly got into the doorway, when the man turned squarely, and disappeared in a cross alley.

"No, you don't!" said Nick softly. "I'll get a look at you if I have to go through the houses to find you."

Softly but swiftly he descended the stone steps and went into the alley. There was no light of any kind in there. All the houses were shut up, and, as the sky was clouded, the detective could not even see how far the alley extended. He paused a moment and listened.

A few paces away were faint clicking sounds, and a fainter noise as if two pieces of metal were being scraped against each other. Nick knew what that meant. Somebody was trying to unlock a door. Either the lock was out of order, or the key did not fit, or the man was working with a skeleton.

Once before in his pursuit of Pallog, Nick had been guided by the sound of picking a lock. That fact gave him greater confidence now.

"At his old tricks!" he said, to himself.

Nick crept into the alley so softly that the man fooling with the lock did not hear him. The sounds continued steadily. All at once there was a louder click. The bolt had been thrown back. A faint creak told that a door was being pushed open.

The detective leaped. In the darkness he caught hold of an arm. With a savage oath the unseen man whirled about. His fist smashed hard on Nick's face.

Up came Nick's left. The detective was almost dazed by the blow he had received, but when his fist landed it was followed by a loud gasp. The unseen man's wind had been knocked out of him. There was plenty of fight left in him, however. He tried to trip his foe, and he lunged repeatedly in the dark with his fists.

Nick soon managed to catch the fellow's throat. Then

the man brought up both hands in a frantic attempt to tear away the detective's grip. It was of no use.

Nick held on and dragged him along the alley to the close. There was a light there from a distant street lamp. By it the detective saw at once that he had taken the wrong man. This was not Jan Pallog.

CHAPTER VI.

A LINE IN THE PAPERS.

The detective released his grip on the man's throat, but stood over him in such a way that he could master him again if it should be necessary. It was well that he was on his guard. The instant he felt himself freed, the man began to struggle.

"Let me alone!" he cried. "There'll be murder if you don't."

As he tried to draw back for the purpose of hitting at Nick, a burglar's jimmy dropped from his coat pocket.

"All right," said Nick coolly. "I made one mistake in thinking you were another man, but I won't make another mistake by letting you go."

There was another sharp encounter, at the end of which the detective had the man's wrists inside a pair of American handcuffs. When he saw that further struggle was useless, the man became very quiet.

Nick led him up the alley. On the main street of the old town he soon found a policeman.

"Do you know this man?" he asked.

"Know him!" echoed the officer. "I should say so. He's an old offender. What——"

"I caught him in the act of entering a house below here."

"Good! but who are you?"

"I'll go along with you to the station and explain. Better send a man down to the house to close the door. He had got it open when I jumped on him."

The policeman wonderingly acted on this advice. He rapped on the pavement with his club and in a moment another officer came hurrying to the spot. He was told briefly about the open door, and went down to attend to it. Nick and his prisoner went with the other policeman to the station. There the American detective explained who he was, to the officer in charge.

"I'm on a very important case," he said, "and it won't do at all to let my man get wind of the fact that I am anywhere near Edinburgh. So let this policeman have all the credit of the arrest and be very careful not to let my name get mixed up with it."

The officer thanked him for causing the capture of a criminal whom the Edinburgh police had been looking for for a week or more, and promised to keep the secret.

Then Nick went to his hotel in the new town. Early in the morning he went to Glasgow, and spent most of the day wandering around in that city. Toward evening he was back in Edinburgh without the slightest clew to Pallog.

He still believed that the man had come to Edinburgh, and he could not help thinking that he was still there. Meantime he had had a new idea.

"If I can't find him in any other way, I'll advertise for him," was Nick's thought.

That was certainly a new way of getting hold of a criminal, but Nick's way of advertising was rather new, too. As soon as he got back to Edinburgh, he made a call on Craigie & Sons, the leading jewelers of the city. He had a long talk with the members of the firm, and afterward visited all the newspaper offices. When this had been done, he said to himself:

"As I didn't come up here to catch Scotch thieves, I'll keep off the streets to-night."

He spent the evening at a theater, and went to bed early.

Next morning every newspaper had a paragraph that read as follows:

"A wonderful diamond, said to have been obtained in Borneo, was brought to England recently and delivered to the minister of Roumelia for the purpose of having it set in the crown of the queen of that country. The stone is almost perfect as it is, but a little cutting will be necessary. It is understood that the contract for cutting the diamond has been given to our townsmen, Craigie & Sons. At first it was supposed that cutters either in London or Amsterdam would be employed, but the stone was brought to Edinburgh yesterday and is now at the warerooms of Craigie & Sons, on Prince's Street. The diamond will be placed on exhibition there as soon as the work of cutting has been finished."

This announcement appeared as news, but it had been paid for by Nick Carter; and that was his advertisement.

"If that line in the papers don't fetch him," thought the detective, "it will be because he isn't in Edinburgh."

All that day the detective was in the store of Craigie & Sons. He appeared to be a bookkeeper, but he sat at a desk, where he could see everybody who entered the store. The desk was near a window, so that he could also see any who passed on the sidewalk to look in.

Many persons came in to congratulate the firm on getting the important contract. All of them asked to see the stone.

"We would rather not show it until it has been put in perfect condition," was the invariable answer.

The store did a big business that day. People were drawn there by the news about the diamond. Often there was a crowd at the counters.

Nick watched sharply.

It seemed to be another case of false hopes, for when

the business day was over, the detective had to confess that he had seen nobody whose face or movements aroused his suspicions.

"But he'll come—if he's in town," said Nick.

The store was closed at six o'clock. At that hour, all the employees went home. The detective remained in the store. He sat where he could see the front door without being seen from it. About twenty feet from him was the big safe, where precious stones were locked up for the night.

Nearer was the door leading to the private office of the firm at the back of the store. There were windows in the private office that looked out on a court. For eight hours Nick Carter sat motionless. It was one of the longest waits that he ever had.

When two o'clock came, and nothing had happened, he began really to believe that he would have to think up some other plan. Then, five minutes later, he heard a scratching noise in the direction of the private office. He did not stir. The noise was repeated after a moment. It was followed by a sound that told of straining woodwork.

There was a low but sharp crack! Something had broken. Silence for a full minute followed. Still the detective sat motionless. In one hand he had his revolver; in the other his pocket lantern.

Another sound came. This time it was a steady scratching.

"All right," thought Nick, "it will take you longer to get in that way, but it will make less noise, and I can wait, thank you."

He had sized the situation up in this way: The burglar at work on the rear window had tried first to pry it up with a jimmy. The window had proved to be fastened so securely that it would take great force to open it. That would mean a good deal of noise.

The burglar then had decided to cut out a part of the glass near the window catch. That would enable him to reach his hand in and turn the fastening almost silently. The scratching noise, therefore, was due to the work that was being done with a glazier's diamond. For some minutes the scratching continued. At last there was a break, and a bit of glass fell almost noiselessly on the carpeted floor of the office.

Nick could not see the burglar, but he could tell what he did by the low sounds of his movements. It was clear that he reached his arm through the opening that he had made and turned the catch. Then the window was pushed up, and a man crawled in. The man paused to put the window down again, and then moved cautiously across the office.

"He must know the store," thought the detective, "for he isn't looking for the safe in there."

Next instant the burglar stepped from the office into the store itself. A very little light came in from the street.

Nick could barely distinguish his form as he passed almost within reach. The detective waited until the burglar had knelt before the safe. He was taking tools from his pocket and laying them on the floor beside him. Then Nick stood up. He meant to do so noiselessly, but he had been sitting still so long that his legs were stiff for a moment. That caused him to kick his chair just a little.

The noise was very slight, but it was enough for the burglar. He leaped to his feet.

Nick knew that a shot would follow, and he swiftly prepared for it. Holding out his pocket lantern in his left hand at arm's length, he touched the spring. Instantly the slide opened. The light fell straight on the burglar. The detective saw at the first glance that it was Pallog!

At the same instant Pallog fired. Naturally, he aimed toward the light. He supposed that the detective held it in front of him.

With quick aim he shot a little over the mark. The bullet, therefore, flew into the wall harmlessly. Nick's quick movement had saved his life.

Hardly had Pallog pulled the trigger when Nick fired. He was determined to capture the slippery criminal alive. So he shot to disable Pallog. Pallog's revolver dropped from his hand.

"Curse you!" he cried fiercely.

Nick set the lantern on a show case.

"Better surrender, Pallog," he said quietly. "The game is up."

"Not by a long sight!" retorted the criminal.

He whipped a long knife from his belt, and stood in a threatening attitude.

"If I shoot again," said Nick, "I shall make you my target."

"I know it, but you won't shoot," hissed Pallog.

"No? What makes you think so?"

"You want to take me alive."

"That's a good guess."

"You'll never do it."

"We'll see. I shan't let you use that knife on yourself."

"On myself!" laughed the criminal hoarsely. "I don't mean to. The knife is for you, my smart man! You can kill, but you'll have to shoot to do it."

"You mean to fight, then?"

"I do. It's the last time, Carter. It will be you or me this trip."

Pallog's eyes glowed like fire in the light of the lantern. His body was swaying from side to side. He seemed like a tiger preparing to spring upon his prey.

"Very well," said Nick, laying his revolver on the show

case beside the lantern, "I'll meet you on your own terms and take you alive."

Pallog was startled to see the detective give up his weapon. He suspected a trick of some kind. Swiftly he started back. He forgot that he was so near the safe, and he stumbled against it.

With a mighty leap the detective was upon him. But not before Pallog had time to raise his knife arm. The blade flashed in front of Nick's face.

With his old-time alertness, the detective dodged, and caught the arm that held the dagger. He had beaten many a desperate criminal in that way. This time neither his quickness nor his strength ended the matter at once.

Nick found that he had met his match. Pallog had the strength of a giant and the desperate fury of a madman. He did not try at first to get his knife free, but clutched at Nick's throat.

The detective caught that hand also, and for a moment they stood, breathing into each other's face. The criminal was held firmly, and the detective could not let go. Nick had one advantage, and only one—he was perfectly cool. Pallog was excited.

Give Pallog time, and he would be sure to make a slip. Ah! he suddenly tripped Nick, and they fell together to the floor. The detective was under.

Clinging like steel to Pallog's wrists, Nick raised himself on his heels and shoulders, lifting the criminal with him. Then he gave a wrench and a roll, and both fell over on their sides.

In vain Nick sought for a chance to let go and give the man one settling blow. The criminal knew too much to give that kind of an opening. He was trying to maim the detective by kicking, and he tried also to fasten his teeth into Nick's wrist.

The detective let him try at that for a moment, and then suddenly let go with both hands. It was a desperate and dangerous experiment.

If Pallog had been quick enough, he could have buried his long blade in Nick's heart.

For one instant he was too surprised to take the advantage offered him. Then it was too late.

Nick was leaping to his feet. Almost as quickly, Pallog was up, too.

As he rose, he drew back his arm for another blow with the knife. That was what Nick wanted. He rushed in without trying to dodge the blow. Both fists shot out.

One landed on Pallog's chest, but it was partly warded off by the criminal's left hand. The other caught him squarely under the ear. The blow that was falling stopped short.

Nick, nevertheless, leaped back to avoid it. Then Pallog was lifted clean off his feet by Nick's terrible drive. He fell backward, striking the show case where the lantern was as he went down.

There was a loud crash, and the lantern went out. Then silence. Pallog was unconscious. The silence was very short. It was followed by a rattling at the front door.

Policemen had heard the pistol shots, and for the last minute or two had been trying to find where they came from.

At last they had heard the noise of struggle in the store of Craigie & Sons.

They looked in just at the moment when Nick's lantern was dashed to the floor. The detective let them pound and rattle for a moment. He wanted to be sure that Pallog was done for before leaving him.

The quick-witted rascal had tricked him once before, and Nick did not intend to be caught the second time.

So he knelt over the man, felt of him, saw that he was really stunned, and then, to make perfectly sure, slipped bracelets on both hands and ankles.

Then he went to the door and unlocked it, a key having been left with him by Mr. Craigie.

"Come in," he said; "you're just in time to help lock up the most desperate criminal in Great Britain."

CHAPTER VII.

CHICK'S MISSION.

About noon of that day, Nick started back to London. Pallog was safely locked up and waited to be tried for burglary on a charge made by Craigie & Sons.

The members of that firm were well pleased with the results of Nick's scheme. Their store had been well advertised, and the detective settled with them generously for all the damage that was done during the struggle with the criminal.

It was understood that as soon as Pallog had served his time on the burglary charge he would be handed over to English officers, to be tried for his first theft of the diamond and for his escape from Old Bailey Prison.

"These matters will keep him locked up for a long time," said Nick to the Scotch officers, "but if he lives out his sentences, send word to America and I will charge him with attempted murder. He tried to kill one of my assistants while crossing the ocean, and I'd like to see him punished for that."

It still remained to get the troublesome diamond to the place where it belonged.

Nick had that matter in mind during his journey to London, and as soon as he arrived, he went to the Roumelian minister's house.

Both Patsy and Chick were there.

He told them briefly what had happened in Scotland, and then said:

"I imagine that something is wrong here. I didn't expect to find both my assistants in this house."

"They are here at my request," said the minister. "I have become quite nervous since you went away."

"Is the diamond——"

"Perfectly safe, Mr. Carter. It is in the Bank of England."

Nick looked inquiringly at Chick.

"The house is shadowed by a black man," said the latter.

"Ha!" exclaimed Nick, "the one who committed suicide just after I captured him hasn't come to life, has he?"

"No. It's another who looks enough like him to be his brother."

"Ah! When was he seen first?"

The minister answered:

"On the evening of the day you arrived in Edinburgh. I saw him idling in the street when I came home from my office, but I said nothing until after Patsy had sent you a telegram to say that all was quiet. Then I told him, and thought you ought to be informed."

"And I told him," put in Patsy, "that you had left me here to take care of just such things as that."

"That was right. What else?"

"I have seen the black several times since," replied the minister; "once near the office, at other times here. He was loafing around the neighborhood this evening, and so I asked both your assistants to pass the night here."

"Has he spoken to you?"

"No."

"And I suppose he hasn't done anything that would justify putting him under arrest."

"Not a thing."

"If he had," remarked Chick, "he would be locked up now."

"Of course," said Nick. "I think I understand it. I don't wonder you are nervous about it. As I said long ago, it would be quite like those savages in Borneo to send several men around the world to recover that stone. This time they sent three."

"You think there is still another one, then?"

"I certainly do. They stuck to Pallog until they were sure he hadn't got the stone.

"Then one of them murdered your messenger in the hope of getting it. Now another is watching you for the chance of following the stone wherever you send it. I haven't a doubt that this black man knows that the diamond is at this moment in the Bank of England. He will be on hand when it is taken from there, and he'll make trouble for the man who carries it."

"Good gracious!" groaned the minister, "what am I to do? It seems like condemning a man to death to send him with that stone to Roumelia, and yet that must be done. I can't keep it."

"I've been thinking about that on the way from Scotland," said Nick. "If the stone needs cutting, it can be done in Roumelia. The queen can send to London or Amsterdam for cutters to go to Roumelia to do the work there under guard."

"That's true, but who is to be asked to undertake the danger of carrying the stone to Roumelia?"

"Well, Patsy and I have had our share of work in this case. I think it's Chick's turn."

"Correct!" exclaimed Chick, sitting up suddenly.

The minister opened his eyes wide.

"You don't mean that you would ask your assistant to take his life in his hands——"

Nick interrupted with a laugh.

"My assistants are doing that all the time," he answered, "and Chick is eager to go. Ask him."

"That's right," said Chick. "I feel as if I'd been on vacation for a couple of weeks and I'd like work."

"Well," said the minister, "I am glad you have offered to do this. I wanted to ask you, but was afraid you'd think I was asking too much."

"Then that's settled. Chick and Patsy may stay here to-night, though I am very sure nothing will happen. In the morning Chick will go with you to the Bank of England and get the diamond. He will start for the Continent immediately afterward, and that will end it."

"I am afraid not, so far as Chick is concerned."

"Trust Chick to take care of himself."

Nick had a short talk with Chick before he went to a hotel.

"Whatever happens," said Nick, "let this be the last of our connection with the diamond. I have no doubt you will deliver it safely to the queen, but manage it so that there will be no further trouble about it."

Chick smiled queerly, and they parted. Next morning, according to arrangement, Chick and the minister went to the Bank of England. The wonderful diamond was brought up from a vault and handed to the minister, who gave it to the detective.

"I feel as if it was your death warrant," he said gravely.

"Oh, no," replied Chick lightly. "I shan't let myself get hurt."

"I am glad to hear you say so. Really, I would rather the diamond were lost than have you or anybody else come to harm on account of it. The thing has caused enough trouble and bloodshed already."

"I think this will be its last trip," was Chick's response.

As they left the bank, Chick saw a black man standing on the opposite sidewalk. He was looking toward them, but he immediately turned about and walked away. The minister did not happen to see him, and Chick said nothing of the matter.

They went in a cab to Charing Cross railroad station, where Chick bought a ticket for Paris. They had timed their movements so that they had not long to wait for a train. Chick got aboard at the last minute,

and he was interested to observe that, so far as he could see, no black man was among the passangers. The minister shook his hand warmly as the train started.

"Telegraph me the instant you arrive safe," the minister said.

Chick promised to do so. There was nobody with him in the compartment, for the minister had insisted that the detective should have a room to himself.

The train was an express to Dover, with only one stop. That was at the Mansion House Station. Charing Cross Station is about two miles from the Bank of England; the Mansion House Station is but a few rods from the bank.

When the train drew up at the Mansion House Station, Chick looked out of the window. He sat back with a smile. The black whom he had seen opposite the bank was now on the platform with a grip in his hand.

"Nick was right when he said the fellow was sharp," thought Chick. "He has guessed that I've got the diamond, and that I am going to Paris by this train. We shall cross the channel by the same boat. I'll keep my eyes out for him."

The run to Dover was without incident. Chick went at once to the steamboat waiting at the end of the railroad line. He saw the black man standing near the gangway. After Chick had gone on board, the black followed. The detective went to the forward part of the boat, and the black stayed aft.

During the short voyage across the channel, Chick several times walked past the place where the black was sitting. Not once did the black seem to see him.

"Quiet-looking chap," thought Chick, "but I suppose there's loads of fight in him."

The strange man's quiet behavior did not make Chick careless. He was on his guard every moment against surprises. Nothing happened, however, on the way across the channel, and the railway journey to Paris was equally quiet. Chick arrived at about six in the evening. There was no train to take him further until midnight.

He had supper in a restaurant near the station, and then strolled to the Grand Boulevard for the sake of killing time. The black had not been seen since his arrival.

Chick had seen him leave the train and go rapidly from the station, and that seemed to be the last of him.

"It's just possible," thought Chick, "that he hasn't any interest in me or the diamond."

It had come to be about nine o'clock. The boulevard was alive with people, and Chick was walking slowly along, enjoying the sight. An old man just ahead of him slipped and fell. Quickly the detective was beside him, helping him to rise.

"I hope you're not hurt, sir," said Chick.

The old man looked at him wonderingly.

"Oh!" said Chick, speaking in French now; "I beg pardon. I forgot that I was in France. I hope you are not hurt?"

"No, monsieur, thank you very much," replied the old man.

He hobbled away, and Chick stood watching him for a moment, fearing that he might stumble again.

"Sir! sir! one moment, please!"

The words were in English, but with a slight accent, and the voice was that of a woman. Chick had no reason to think that they were meant for him, but he turned about curiously. A cab stood at the curb near him.

In it was a handsome young woman, dressed in the height of fashion. She was looking at him with great anxiety.

"Sir," she repeated pleadingly, "may I speak to you one moment?"

The detective lifted his hat and advanced.

"I heard you use English," she said, when he stood close to the cab, "and I thought I could appeal to you. You are probably an Englishman, or, perhaps——"

"American, mademoiselle," he admitted.

"Oh! I am so thankful!" she cried. "I am in such trouble, sir, and I know that a gallant American gentleman will not fail to help me. You will, will you not, sir?"

"If it is in my power, certainly," answered Chick.

"Thank you a thousand times. You must think it very strange that I should have the boldness to address you, but I must be even bolder. Will you get into the cab with me, and let me explain as we go along?"

Chick smiled, and took out his watch.

"It will not take half an hour!" she cried.

"Very well," said he, "if that is the limit, and I can do anything, I shall be glad to do so. You mustn't think me impolite, but I have the business of others to attend to, and must leave Paris at midnight."

So saying, he was getting into the cab.

"You shall not be detained one minute beyond a half hour at the most," she declared positively. "I take it for granted that you are familiar with the laws of your country."

"Some of them, mademoiselle."

"Madame, if you please, sir. I am married, and that is what is the matter. You know the laws of marriage?"

"Why, after a fashion. You might state your difficulty, and I will see."

"Well, then, I was in America last year, and I married there a gentleman who is honorable and worthy in every way. His business did not permit him to come with me to France when I came home two weeks ago for a visit. My parents were surprised at my marriage, and now they claim that it was no marriage at all, and they want to force me to become the wife of a Frenchman."

"Dear me!" said Chick.

"We have had a great discussion at home. I have told my people that not only do I hate this Frenchman, but that a marriage with him would be illegal. They will not believe it unless I can bring an American who will assure them that I am right."

"You could go to the American consul in Paris," Chick began.

"I know," she interrupted, "and I have been there. The office is closed. I went to his house and found that he was away at the opera. I was in despair, for the matter must be settled at once. Then I happened to overhear you speaking in English, and—you know the rest. I couldn't help appealing to you."

The cab had started the moment Chick got in, and was going along a street lined with fine hotels and residences.

"Well," said Chick, "I do not quite see what you want me to do. Your people are not likely to take the word of a stranger."

"They will if you will do what I ask."

"What is it?"

"Say that you knew me and my husband in America."

Chick smiled thoughtfully.

"Listen!" she cried eagerly, seeing his hesitation; "my name is Yvette Gardner. My husband is H. Z. Gardner, of Philadelphia. You could have met him, you know that——"

"I am afraid I can't go as far as that," Chick interrupted, "but if you have your marriage certificate, I can assure your parents that it is in correct form."

"That will be better than nothing, sir."

"And to-morrow you can doubtless get the American consul to straighten the matter out."

"Ah, yes, to-morrow! Well, if you can only say something to-night that will make them postpone matters till to-morrow, I shall be saved."

"I will do what I can."

"Good! here we are."

The cab stopped in front of an apartment house. Yvette paid and dismissed the driver, and Chick went with her into the building. She led him to a splendidly furnished parlor, and asked him to be seated. He took a chair in the middle of the room.

"I will call my father and mother," said Yvette, in a husky, excited voice, as she went toward a door.

CHAPTER VIII.

ATTACKED FROM BEHIND.

It must not be supposed that Chickering Carter, engaged upon a mission of such delicacy as the delivery of the crown jewel to the beautiful queen of Roumelia, was one to be apparently so readily deceived by the first good-looking woman who could have the boldness and the effrontery to address him in a public street of the city of Paris.

He had the diamond in his possession, of course. It was with him at that moment, safely reposing in a place of concealment upon his person, for he was not inclined to trust the guardianship of it to another, even for a moment.

The instant the woman spoke to him—the instant he heard the sound of her voice and the words she used in addressing him—even before he turned his head to look at her, he knew that he was being "stalled" for the diamond.

He understood that it was another plot of one of the remaining blacks from that far-away island, who had doubtless been selected for the work because they were black—perhaps that fact suggested to the brown race that had sent him that they possessed greater powers of some sort for the work.

This explains why he turned toward the woman so suavely and met her advances halfway, with every appearance of "falling" for her "stalling game" as he did.

It explains why he consented to ride in the cab with her; why he entered the house to which she introduced him, and why he sat very quietly upon that chair in the middle of the room while she left it, ostensibly to summon her visionary parents.

Perhaps one might think that he ought not to have walked into a palpable trap, deliberately, having the diamond even then upon his person.

But Chick and Nick did things differently from others, and it was the idea of the first assistant, just then, to direct matters in such a manner that in the future there need be no uneasiness on the part of the queen of Roumelia concerning the safety of her priceless jewel.

And he knew just how to direct them, so if the opportunity offered—and here seemed to be the coveted opportunity.

He was a little surprised after the woman left him that he was not attacked at once.

He had not the slightest doubt that the black man was even then in the house; he would not have been astonished to know that the eyes of the black were upon him from some place of concealment even at that moment.

When Yvette, as she had called herself, left the room, Chick waited a moment, then left his chair and selected a position where he could stand with his back toward the wall and at the same time command a view of the entire interior of that apartment.

In that act, however, he made the mistake of not suspecting that the house to which he had been so deftly enticed was one that had long been used for "plants."

Formerly it had been a gambling house; then almost anything in the shape of Parisian knavery had been its portion, and it was abundantly provided with those arrangements which in New York we call "get-aways."

One of these was directly behind Chick when he took that chair, with his back toward the wall.

He was not against the wall, of course, but a few feet away from it.

Toward his left was the door by which he had entered the room; to his right was an arched way, that was hidden by portière curtains; opposite him was that door which Yvette had used in leaving the room.

The interior of the room was paneled, and each panel was decorated. This had been done, doubtless, to conceal the more readily the fact that a secret entrance was hidden away among those panels. And, as it happened, Chick had taken his stand almost directly in front of that secret panel door.

It opened slowly and without the slightest sound while Chick stood there.

If there had been so much as a click or a creak he must have heard it, but there was not even that much.

In the opening thus created, a face appeared, but it was not the face of the black. It was that of a man who was undeniably a Frenchman of the Apache order—and he did a thing then which only a French Apache would think of doing; a thing against which even the strongest man could not have stood up.

Having opened the secret door so silently, he bent forward almost to the edge of the opening, thrust out an arm, and then, with great force, hurled a large white object on the back of Chick's head—and instantly when he had thrown it, he drew back, closing the secret door tightly after him.

But the effect of that white object was terrible—and it was sudden.

The white object was merely a paper bag, made of the thinnest, flimsiest, softest kind of white paper imaginable, and the consequence was that the instant it struck the back of Chick's head, it burst, and the contents of it was scattered over him from head to foot.

It enveloped him completely. It entered his eyes, his nostrils, his mouth.

It choked him, blinded him, set him to sneezing violently, and for the moment rendered him as utterly incapable of putting up any kind of a defense as if he had been the merest child.

One might conjecture how terrible the effects of the stuff so thrown was, because of the fact that the man who hurled it at him dodged away from it himself.

Chick was blinded. The smarting in his eyes was terrible.

He was choked. His breath came in gasps, and he coughed and sneezed so violently that he was nearly in convulsions.

All the world knows that there is perhaps nothing which will render a man momentarily so utterly helpless as a violent fit of sneezing.

The man who had hurled that strange weapon at Chick understood what the effect of it would be, and probably knew, too, that that effect would continue for some time, and that the longer it continued the more helpless would the victim of it become.

He closed the door, of course, to avoid the consequences of it himself.

But the plot had evidently been carefully prepared. For, within a few seconds after the paper bag with its frightful contents had been thrown, the two doors already mentioned, and the portière cutrains were all thrown open at once, and from each of those places a man dashed into the room.

They were armed against the effects of the thing that had been thrown.

They wore close-fitting automobile goggles over their eyes, made to keep out the finest of dusts, and fitted closely against the skin with rubber strips.

Over their nostrils and mouths bandages had been tied and beneath the bandages were moistened sponges, through which they could breath while the moisture would effectually stop any of the dangerous dust from penetrating.

In the meantime, Chick was in the throes of the agony induced by the powder that had been thrown and he did not even hear the entrance of those men, although he had his senses about him and knew that he was attacked.

Even in that terrible instant of pain and suffering, he had the thought to congratulate himself that it was not pepper that had been thrown over him, for he could tell that much by the smell of it.

There are some conditions in which one cannot even struggle, no matter how muscular one may be—and that was one of them.

Chick knew that whatever the plot was, it had been perfectly arranged, and upon the instant that he realized that he had been temporarily overcome, he decided to appear to submit quietly to the attack, rather than to defend himself.

He knew that he would be in less immediate danger if he did that; he knew that it would give him opportunity to gather his scattered forces, and he knew that he could fight like a windmill as soon as he was over the first agony of that strange attack upon him with the powder.

Therefore, when the three men who had rushed in upon him seized his arms, expecting terrific resistance, no doubt, he offered no resistance at all.

He permitted them to think that he was too much employed in sneezing to do so.

He made them think that he was in reality suffering much more than he really was; although, as a matter of fact, had the actual suffering of the moment been much greater, he must have succumbed entirely to it.

The strangest part of it all was that if we could have looked into his mind at that moment, we would have seen that Chick was not in the least concerned about the crown jewel for the Roumelian queen.

We will understand why that was so, presently.

When the three men seized him he made no resistance. Indeed, save for the sneezing, and the effort to clear his eyes and his throat of the horrible stuff that had been thrown over him, he made no move—and he appeared not to be able to speak at all.

And the three men had approached him, well prepared for what they had to do.

Each of them had no doubt, at times in their lives, worn handcuffs, and had, therefore, discovered how efficacious they are for holding a man who has been captured.

Therefore, to Chick's surprise, instead of binding him with cords as he expected they would do, they snapped handcuffs upon his wrists, and another pair upon his ankles, after the most approved style of a police officer when he makes an arrest.

Then they led Chick backward to one of the chairs and seated him upon it, and one of them opened windows and doors, and snapped on an electric fan to drive the terrible dust that had so choked Chick, from the room.

There was just one thing that they did not do in regard to the use of the handcuffs, which rather surprised Chick—that they did not draw his arms behind him before they manacled them. They snapped the handcuffs upon his wrists with his arms in front of him.

As a literal fact, Chick was not yet able to see anything, and they evidently were aware of that, or they did not care about it, for they made no effort to blindfold him.

But, with the electric fan going and the doors and windows open, the air of the room was soon cleared—and then, oddly enough, one of the men brought a basin of water and sponge and began to bathe Chick's eyes.

It was an unexpected help and it relieved the detective wonderfully. Soon he was able to hold them open for a second at a time, despite the pain, and then he saw that he was in the presence of two black men and one Frenchman, and that they were standing directly in front of him, regarding him intently.

Then, before any of them spoke directly to him, the Frenchman turned, and called aloud:

"Come in now, Yvette," he said, through the open doorway. "The room is clear now. We will leave you alone with this fellow for a time, and you can find but what you can do with him. We have not touched him so far, except to help him, so we have kept our promises."

CHAPTER IX.

CHICK'S UNMOVED DEFIANCE.

Chick could not see clearly even yet, although his eyes were getting better with every moment.

He could wink them open for an instant, then close them again, and then repeat the operation until he could get a vague idea of what was happening in his presence, and that was all.

The amazing part of it all was that he had not, even then, lost one whit of the confidence he felt in himself. He believed that he had them all beaten, notwithstanding the fact that the appearance of things was so against him.

And he knew—or, at least, he felt entirely certain in his own mind—that they would not secure the Roumelian crown diamond.

He had anticipated—not such a circumstance as this one was, but any and all circumstances which might be met in conveying that precious stone safely to the queen of Roumelia, and he had laid his plans accordingly.

When the man called Yvette into the room, Chick opened his eyes for an instant in order to see her, and he saw that she had thrown aside her street wraps and that she was as fashionably attired as any society woman might have been.

She came directly to him and stopped in front of him.

A second winking of his eyes told Chick that the three men had withdrawn, and had left the woman alone with him.

She spoke to him in English, which was perfect save only for the unmistakable enunciation of a Frenchwoman.

"Can you see at all?" she asked him.

It was strange how gentle her voice was, and how perfectly she used it. There are voices, mostly possessed by women, which contain certain qualities that are cooing and soothing and solacing, no matter what the words are that are uttered. The voice of Yvette was such a one.

"A little," he replied.

"Then look at me."

"I have done so."

"And you do not care to do so again?" she demanded.

"Under different circumstances, madam, I might wish to look at you a long time, indeed, for you are beautiful to look at."

"Come. You are not such a boor after all. That was prettily said—worthy of one of my own countrymen. Open your eyes."

"Madam, when one has been momentarily blinded from whatever cause, one's eyes are weakened and one hesitates to open them even for an instant, even to gaze upon the sun."

"You are certainly improving rapidly, sir."

"I hope so."

"Open your eyes, then."

"There, madam, they are open."

"Now, what do you see?"

"A beautiful woman, madam—and also, I fear, a very bad one, since she is keeping me here to rob me."

"You know why I enticed you here, of course?"

"Naturally."

"I fooled you nicely, didn't I?"

"On the contrary, madam, you did not deceive me at all. I only fooled myself."

"How was that?"

"I knew all the time that it was a trap."

"Then why did you come here with me?"

"Because I believed myself to be clever enough to escape the trap."

"Oh, indeed. Do you mean to tell me that even when I invited you into the cab, you knew that I was after the diamond that you have in your possession?"

"Certainly."

"Then you were a fool to come with me."

"Perhaps."

"It is to be hoped that your will not continue to be so foolish."

"How is that?"

"That you will consent to give up the diamond to us peaceably, without forcing us to resort to extreme measures in order to obtain it."

"I don't think you will ever obtain it, madam, no matter what measures you employ, extreme or otherwise."

"Do you mean that you have not go it with you?"

"That, madam, is a personal and an intimate question, which I will not answer."

"Oho! You will compel me to have you searched."

"That shall be as you wish. At the present moment, I have no power to prevent such an act."

"I can't understand why you should walk into such a trap as I set for you, if, as you say, you knew all the time that it was a trap."

"Possibly your own powers of clear reasoning may find an answer to that puzzle."

"It could only have been for one reason."

"There might have been many—so I think."

"You have not got the diamond with you?"

"Oh, haven't I? Thank you for telling me so."

"Have you got it with you?"

"Madam, if two plus two makes four, how much does two minus two leave?" Chick asked her smilingly.

"Nothing," she replied.

"That is your answer."

"You mean that you will not tell me?"

"That is your answer."

"You mean that I must have these men search you?"

"Again, that is your answer."

"Perhaps you did not bring it with you at all. Perhaps that other assistant of the great Nick Carter—Patsy, you call him—has taken the stone, and, by another route, is carrying the diamond to the queen of Roumelia, while you have been acting as a decoy to lead the black men of Borneo and others astray. Is that it?"

"As you have said—perhaps."

"Can nothing induce you to talk?"

"I am talking, madam, and to a most attractive woman, thank you."

"I could render myself much more attractive to a person who pleased me," she suggested.

"I have no doubt of it, madam."

"Monsieur, I have approached you in this matter, and with kindness, in order to deal as gently with you as possible. But none the less we—I, and those who are concerned with me in this affair—are determined to possess that diamond."

"So I perceive. Perhaps you may get it—but I may be forgiven for doubting it."

"I must ask you to listen to me calmly."

"I am doing so."

"You are threatened with death."

"Oh, I have known that from the beginning. Death threats are always a part and parcel with affairs of this order."

"I am speaking seriously, sir."

"So am I, madam."

"The circumstance that I choose to inform you of your danger thus mildly, does not alter the fact."

"Yes?"

"If you will deliver over the diamond to me, you may go free, and be no worse for the experience you have passed through. Otherwise—" she stopped.

"Otherwise?" he asked, smiling again.

"You will be searched, and if the diamond is not found upon you, you will be asked where it is concealed. If you refuse to tell us, you will be put to death."

"I trust that my execution will not be performed with unbecoming brutality," the detective said, with sarcasm.

"You do not believe me?"

"I would not affront a beautiful woman by openly doubting her, madam," was the reply.

"Listen; you will not be knocked on the head like a beef, or stabbed, or shot, or garroted. You will be suffocated."

"Really?"

"There is a room upstairs in this house that contains no windows, and only one door, which closes tightly. Within that room there is a brazier. Upon the brazier there is an abundant supply of charcoal. There is also a couch there, and you shall be tied down upon the couch, and the charcoal shall be lighted and allowed to burn slowly while the door is closed tightly, and the fumes of that charcoal—oh, you know the rest of it."

"It is quite an elaborate preparation, is it not?"

"You do not fear it—or me?"

"Madam, if I had any fear of you at all, it would be fear of your beauty, not of your threats. I cannot believe that one who is so attractive in every way could descend to such fiendishness as you suggest."

"But it shall be done unless you will deliver up the diamond."

"Suppose, then, that I could not deliver it if I would?"

"Do you say that you cannot?" she asked quickly.

"No. I say nothing at all."

"Ah, you are impossible."

"Madam, you are not the first who has found me so."

"You shall be searched."

"Very well, madam. Unfortunately, I am at your orders just now."

"And if the diamond is not found——"

"Well?"

"You will be asked four times to tell where it can be obtained, and how."

"Yes, I understand."

"Once by each of those men who were in this room, and the fourth and last time, by me."

"Ah, then there is still one more pleasure left to me, madam—the pleasure of hearing your sweet voice last."

"And if you still refuse, you will taken to the room I have described, and left there to the mercy of the fumes of the charcoal."

"Madam, if only I could prevail upon you to remain there with me, and——"

She turned abruptly, and called to the three men.

CHAPTER X.

THE CROWN DIAMOND.

It has been said that Chick was prepared for any emergency that might arise, and so it will appear that he was also prepared for that one of being searched.

The three men entered the room at once in obedience to the call of Yvonne, and they stood in line in front of the chair where Chick was seated, with the handcuffs on his wrists and ankles.

Two of those men were black. They bore the unmistakable facial characteristics of the Borneans whom Chick had seen, although they were bigger in physique and much darker in color than the full blood Dyaks.

This was an anomaly which the detective did not try to explain. The men were undoubted Borneans, nevertheless.

Chick knew, as Nick had known, that three of those black men had followed the diamond across three oceans, and he knew of their determination to get it. But he had no belief, for reasons of his own, that they would succeed.

One of the two black men stepped forward and stood directly in front of Chick, and quite close to him.

"I want the diamond," he said, in perfect English.

Chick shrugged his shoulders and made no reply.

"I want it to take it back to my own country and to my own people, where it belongs," the black man said again. "If you will give it up to me, you may go free, but if you refuse, you shall cease to live."

"My good man," said Chick quizzically, "you have the appearance of being a man of some understanding. You are, aren't you?"

"I think so," was the reply.

"That other man of your own color is your companion in this adventure, is he not?"

"He is."

"There were three of you. Where is the other one?"

"You know that he is dead?"

"Yes, I know. But were there originally no more than three of you?"

"That was all. There are only two, now."

"And you have no other friends in this country other than this woman and this Frenchman who is with her now?"

"What of that?" was the demand.

The woman started forward, but Chick only smiled at her, and asked tauntingly:

"Are you afraid to have me talk to the black?"

She stepped back to her position again. Chick returned his attention to the negro.

"You asked me 'What of that?'" he said. "I will reply: Suppose I should deliver the diamond to you now, do you suppose that you would be permitted ever to get out of the city of Paris with the stone in your possession?"

"Why not?" the black asked.

"Don't you know that these people would take it from you?"

"They could not do it."

"Mr. Blackman from Borneo, let me tell you that this woman Yvette, and this man who is with her, could bring buzzing about your ears in no time at all a hundred of the Apaches of Paris—and the Apaches of Paris are a thousand times worse, in some respects, than the Apaches of Arizona, and Texas, and New Mexico ever were—although you are not expected to know much about that."

"I want the diamond," the black said again.

Chick laughed openly in his face.

"Will you give it up to me?"

Chick did not reply. The other man stepped forward.

"Listen to me," he said.

"Go ahead," Chick replied.

"We must have that diamond to take it back to our own people. It is the great secret of success of our people. It brings us luck. Over here, and in your own country, the people call it superstition, but with us it is belief. We are determined to have it. It amounts to a religion with us."

"Very well, what of it?" Chick asked.

"We must have it."

"Well?"

"You must give it to us, or you must die."

"Look here, you! I'm getting tired of hearing that statement repeated to me over and over again. If you think I have got the stone, why don't you search me, and get it, as you have threatened to do so many times?"

"We will—after another moment."

The Frenchman stepped forward.

"I think it is my turn to do some talking," he said, in his own language. "You speak French?"

"Yes."

"Well, so do these black. So they will understand what we talk about. I don't understand English, but Yvette does, so she knows all that you have been saying, and she has whispered the gist of it all to me. Understand?"

"Perfectly."

"We are going to get that stone away from you. All this foolishness about treating you gently is nonsense, but Yvette has insisted upon it. That is why you were not searched in the first place, and why we are still trying to reason with you."

"I suppose I ought to say thank you, eh?" Chick replied.

"But, monsieur, this is your last chance."

"All right."

"I am to plead with you for the last time. Yvette thinks that you have not got the stone with you, because of your willingness to be searched for it. I think that you are only bluffing. Anyhow, we shall presently discover."

"Naturally."

"What I shall say to you now, I say for the benefit of these Borneans, and not for you, although it must be said to you. It is this: You have told them that even if they secure the stone, we will never let them to get away with it. Well, that is a lie."

"What you are saying now is the lie," Chick replied.

"These men are to pay us a round sum in cash, which will represent very nearly as much as we could hope to get out of the diamond, and without any of the trouble and danger that would be incurred in disposing of it; that is why we are willing to let them take it away with them."

"All that sounds very well, indeed, if these black men are fools enough to believe you," said Chick.

"What Yvette has told you about the room with the charcoal is true. It may not be the form of death that strikes terror to you, but it is death, nevertheless."

"Death in any form amounts to pretty nearly the same thing in the long run, as I look at it," said Chick complacently.

"You have no fear of death?"

"Say rather that I have not the least fear of you or your threats."

The Frenchman wheeled suddenly upon Yvette.

"Leave the room," he ordered.

"Wait just one moment more," she begged, and stepped toward Chick.

"I implore you to change your determination," she said, clasping her hands together.

"There is nothing to change," Chick replied.

"I implore you to save yourself."

"I do not feel that I am in imminent danger."

"You do not believe that we mean what we say?"

"Oh, yes, but you will be prevented from carrying it out."

"You think so?"

"I feel assured of it."

"I do not believe that you have the diamond with you. Tell us where to get it, and how to get it, and you shall be saved."

"Yvette—I suppose I may call you so since all the others do that—I have not changed my attitude in this matter since I have been in this room; not since I entered the cab that brought us here. If you think I have the diamond with me, search me. If you find it, I cannot prevent you taking it. If you do not find it—well, you will have to do as you have threatened, for I will give you no information whatsoever concerning it."

"That is your last word?"

"Yes."

"Yvette, leave the room," the Frenchman ordered gruffly.

She turned and went as far as the door. From there she looked back over her shoulder at the detective, and Chick fancied he could see something that resembled the glistening of a tear in her eye.

Then she passed out at the doorway, and was gone.

It is not necessary to describe the details of that search, for it met with its reward much more quickly than any of those three men who made it had anticipated.

They had not searched far; they had not unclothed the detective at all, when they made the discovery that brought them all up standing.

The Frenchman thrust one of his hands into the inside pocket of Chick's waistcoat and drew out one of the little boxes that have been described before—and, as if he knew the secret of it already, he pressed the spring that worked it.

The lid of the box flew back, and then the Frenchman uttered a startled cry, and held up the gleaming thing that it contained.

The black men uttered a simultaneous cry.

They leaped toward the Frenchman, as if with one impulse, and one of them seized upon the bauble that the Frenchman held in his hand.

The Frenchman tried to prevent the black from taking the stone, but the other negro seized him by the throat and pulled him backward, while the first black who had grabbed the diamond, turned and started for the door.

But just at that instant Yvette reappeared.

She stood, framed in the doorway with a revolver in her extended hand, and it was pointed directly at the black, who stopped.

"Stand where you are!" she ordered.

And all of this time—a few seconds only—while attention was diverted from him—Chick was busy. His hands were fastened in front of him. He found that he could reach one of his waistcoat pockets, and he drew forth a key, which he quickly placed between his teeth. Then he quickly unlocked both sets of handcuffs, and sat back in his chair as if nothing had happened; but he was free, and he waited.

Then Yvette stepped forward with the revolver still covering the black, and took the gleaming gem from him and replaced it in the box, closing it.

Both of the blacks were crouched as if ready to spring upon her, and were only kept from doing so because they did not dare.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FATE OF THE DIAMOND.

Chick sat still, smiling.

"Come around here," said Yvette to the black.

"Listen, both of you," said she, never lowering her weapon. "I shall waste no words. You," addressing Chick, "have had in your possession this diamond that these black men want. Blood has been shed for that stone before now, and blood will be shed for it here if necessary."

She paused.

"You've put up a pretty good job," said Chick. "I think I know when I'm beaten."

"You're a sensible man."

"I hope so."

"I understand and believe you. Do you mean to give it to your dark-complexioned friend, or will you keep it yourself?"

"I shall keep it," she snapped.

"I thought so. Well, Yvette, I'm not fool enough to risk that hair trigger. You may keep it."

She raised the box again, and pressed the spring. Up went the cover of the flashing thing that excited them.

"It is mine!" cried Yvette. As she spoke, she lowered her revolver arm, and instantly the black leaped.

He tore the box from her hand, and dashed for the door. With a cry of rage she wheeled about.

Chick jumped and caught her arm, wresting away her weapon before she could fire.

"I wouldn't," he said quietly. "That diamond isn't worth the chance of being guillotined for murder."

The black was now out of the door.

They heard him running down the stairs.

"Do you mean to let it go?" she demanded frantically.

Chick held her firmly.

"The black man might kill me if I chased him," he answered, smiling.

"Pah!" she cried, "I supposed you were a brave man!"

"You saw how easily you dealt with me."

She was trembling with disappointment at the loss of the stone.

"I meant to get it and scare you both off till I could leave the room and lock you in," she gasped.

Then she began to cry, and Chick released her. She sank into a chair.

"You played for a fortune and lost it, Yvette," said Chick. "I can't help feeling sorry for you, for you were really rather clever. You know I might have you arrested for what you have done."

"Oh!" she cried, looking up in terror.

"You see, you have made me lose the diamond."

"Oh! have mercy on me!" she pleaded.

"I will," replied Chick, "because it won't bring the diamond back if I have you punished. I shall now have to set the Paris police on the hunt for that black friend of yours, but I won't drag you into the scrape if I can help it. Good night."

With that he left her looking at him with the greatest wonder and not a little fear.

Chick did not set the Paris police at work. He did not even ask anybody which way the black man went when he left the house.

Instead, he went to the railway station and boarded the Orient express bound for Roumelia.

But there was just one more adventure left to Chick before he should deliver the crown diamond in safety to the Roumelian queen.

The train which he took out of Paris was a fast one, and Chick believed that he had secured a compartment of one of the coaches to himself. He felt that he had tipped the guard sufficiently to have accomplished that much.

Nevertheless, when he entered the compartment, he found that it was already occupied, and by a very attractive young woman, who was sleeping—leaning against the cushions in one corner.

The train had already started and was rapidly gathering headway, or Chick would have withdrawn to seek other quarters. As it was, he could not do so.

So he stepped inside, closed the door, and heard it snap-locked behind him, for the guard was clinging to the board outside and had seen to that.

He had no baggage with him, so he disposed himself in the corner of the compartment farthest away from the young woman, and sat looking out through the window for a time, until something made him turn, and he saw that a pair of big dark eyes were fastened upon him.

The young woman had awakened, or she had not been sleeping—Chick was rather inclined to the latter view of it.

"Mademoiselle," he said to her, "I regret that I was forced to intrude upon you."

"I am madame, not mademoiselle," she interrupted, without smiling.

"I could not well avoid it," he continued. Then he explained how it had happened, and she listened with apparent unconcern.

"Perhaps we shall be good companions after all," she said, when he had finished.

"I hope so," he ventured.

"How far are you going, monsieur?"

"Into Roumelia."

"Indeed? So am I."

Her manner seemed to invite conversation, so he asked:

"Are you a Roumelian, madam?"

"I am, yes, indeed. But you are not."

"No. I am an American."

"Spending your millions over here, I suppose? That is what all Americans do, isn't it?"

"It is what they are reputed as doing, I believe."

"You have friends in Roumelia?"

"No."

"Then you travel on business. It must be delightful to have business to transact. Sometimes I think I would like to be a man for that reason alone. Life becomes a bore without something to do."

Chick did not reply.

"Do I appear inquisitive, monsieur?" she asked.

"Not at all, madam. I rather like it."

"Then, perhaps, if you will tell me whom you are seeking in Roumelia, I may be of some assistance there. I am at court."

"Indeed. Thank you. But I do not think that I need help in what I have to do."

"Perhaps I could guess what it is that takes you there, monsieur."

"Very likely."

"I have just come from London. I have been reading the papers, too. I have heard all about the crown diamond of the queen, and all the trouble it has made for three detectives from America. You are one of them."

"What makes you think that, madam?"

"Because I have seen you, when you did not know it. I saw you in London."

"Indeed?"

"I am a relative of the Roumelian minister. Poor Blowitz, who was killed, was also a distant connection of mine."

"You amaze me, madam."

"So you see I know what I am talking about."

"It certainly would appear so, madam."

"And now, I suppose, you have the great diamond with you, to deliver to the queen in person."

"Perhaps, madam, I am only bound there to tell her of its ultimate loss."

"I don't think you would be hurrying to that country on this fast train for such a purpose as that, monsieur."

"Possibly not."

"I am in the secret service of Roumelia," she said, after a moment. "Many women over here are employed in diplomatic work, and I happen to be one of them."

"That is interesting, madam." Chick was watching her narrowly now, although he did not appear to be doing so.

"And so, as it happens, I am rather well informed about what has just happened to you."

"I am surprised at that. I have told nobody but——"

"But the chief of the secret police in Paris? I know. He came with you to the train after you met him so opportunely. I was within sight and he signaled to me to follow. Then he made it known to me that he wished to speak to me, and while you were at the booking office, he told me all that had happened, and asked me to come with you. That, monsieur, is the reason you discovered me in this compartment apparently asleep."

"It is utterly amazing," said Chick. And indeed it was, for he did not in the least believe a word that she said.

"The chief, in Paris, believed that, being a woman, I could watch over you better than another. He told me rapidly all that had happened to you, and how the black man apparently got away with the diamond. But he expressed it as his belief that you still have the real stone in your possession, and that you could only be going into Roumelia for the purpose of delivering it in person to the queen."

"Certainly, madam, that long explanation should make me feel more than easy. With such a charming companion as you are, and such a competent guard over my interests, as I am sure you will prove to me, there should be no dangers to threaten. Eh?"

"You are laughing at me now," she said, pouting.

"I am laughing *with* you."

"Will you let me see the diamond?" she asked, suddenly bending toward him.

CHAPTER XII.

IN ROUMELIA.

"Madam, I could not if I would."

"Nonsense. Please let me see it."

"Why?"

"I am just crazy to see it, monsieur."

"But I cannot let you see it. As you know, it was taken from me——"

"Of course that is all utter nonsense."

"Nevertheless, I cannot show it to you, madam. If the black man has got it now, how can I show it to you?"

"Please, please, please let me see it. I want to see it. Please."

"It is out of the question."

"Oh, dear!" Then, suddenly, as if she had another thought, she drew a cigarette case from her bag and offered it, opened, to Chick. "Do you smoke?" she asked.

"Sometimes."

"Will you take one of my cigarettes? and permit me also to smoke in your presence?"

"Thank you. I might be induced if you would light it for me? That is the pretty custom, is it not?"

She smiled—and removed two cigarettes from the case, and from opposite sides of it as Chick noticed.

Then she lighted them, one after the other, handing one of them, the first one she lighted, to him—and he rose to his feet to take it.

Then, when she had just completed lighting her own, Chick very clumsily stumbled over the rug that was stretched across the floor of the compartment, and in so doing, he fell forcibly against her, knocking the cigarette from her fingers to the cushions of the couch upon which she was seated.

Instantly he recovered it, but by deft sleight of hand, and unseen by her, he changed it for his own, which he had not yet put to his lips after she had lighted it, and so, when he passed a cigarette back to her, it was the one she had lighted for him that she accepted, and not the one that she had started to smoke herself.

Presently he seated himself again in the corner he had first occupied, and smoked on with evident enjoyment, but he permitted his eyes to close frequently, and all the time he watched her narrowly.

He did not know, but he suspected, that she had given him a drugged cigarette, and he was presently to find out he had guessed correctly.

At first she watched him closely, talking steadily in a low tone to him; and so, until the cigarette she was smoking was nearly half consumed, she continued.

Then, suddenly, and without warning, she smoked down to the point where the cigarette he had given her in exchange had been drugged was reached.

In one gasp she seemed to try to tell him that she realized that she had taken her own medicine, and that he had got the best of her at her own trick.

But with the next one came utter unconsciousness on her part, and Chick reached forward and arranged her gently in the corner among the cushions while he tossed the cigarette he had been smoking out of the window, and lighted a cigar.

"Now, I wonder who you are?" he said, aloud.

But the answer made no difference to him. She was merely another person who was trying to get the crown diamond away from him, that was all.

He watched her for a long time while the train sped onward.

She continued to sleep, and he could see that she would rouse when the effect of the drug had passed, but little, if any, the worse for her experience.

When she had opened her bag to get the cigarette case, he had seen some cards inside of it, and now he ventured to open it again sufficiently to secure one of them.

It bore an engraved name that was unknown to him and which did not interest him, so he barely glanced at it. But on the reverse side of the card he wrote:

"MADAME: I hope you will have enjoyed your nap more than I might have done had I smoked the cigarette you gave me, and I trust that we may not meet again. If you are going to Roumelia, turn back. I shall take another train at the next station."

Some hours later he arrived at his destination. He had no difficulty in getting audience with the queen, to whom he delivered the genuine crown diamond.

* * * * * * *

The thing that the black man had grabbed and run away with was a fake diamond, made in imitation of the real thing.

Nick Carter had had three such fakes made in New York, and each of the detectives had one.

Patsy had tricked Pallog with his fake at one time, and Chick had used his most successfully, for it settled all the troubles about the stone.

After being entertained royally by the lovely queen of Roumelia, Chick returned to London, and there rejoined Nick and Patsy. The three at once sailed for America—and home.

About a year after this affair, a friend of Nick's returned from a journey round the world. He was telling Nick of the strange things he had seen.

"In Borneo," he said, "I came across a tribe of savages who worship a diamond. Whenever they go to war, the king marches his army around a field where there is a kind of altar, on which the diamond is placed. Every soldier looks at it, and after that it is said that the army fights with wonderful bravery."

"That's interesting," said Nick. "When was it you saw this?"

"About six months ago. But that isn't so interesting as the fact, which they told me, that a traveler had stolen the stone about a year previously. Two members of the tribe hunted him all over the world till one of them got the diamond again. The other lost his life fighting for it."

And Nick thought:

"Who would have supposed that a piece of nicely cut glass would do for the savages just as well as the real thing that the queen of Roumelia wears in her crown?"

THE END.

JACK WISE COMES BACK.

"The Kregoff Necklace; or, Nick Carter Unearths a Secret"—an original and thoroughly unique detective story, in which many persons of wealth and high position are involved—will appear in the next issue of this weekly. Your new favorite—or, rather, your old friend—Jack Wise reappears in this remarkably clever tale of a strange robbery in New York. Many of the incidents in the story take place at a fashionable restaurant, Cherrie's, and, as a result of two distinct mysteries, surprise follows surprise in rapid succession. Jack Wise looks for a very beautiful woman; Nick Carter looks for motives; and their combined work leads to an exceedingly dramatic end. The story is one of the sort that makes one marvel at the ingenuity of Nick and the wisdom of Jack Wise. It is No. 808; out June 2nd.

THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS.

Fire Commissioner Says New York is Easy Prey to Flames.

Fire Commissioner Johnson, of New York said that a large percentage of the so-called fireproof buildings in Manhattan are not fireproof, and are a ready prey to flames, as charged by Ernest Flagg in his speech at the Salmagundi Club.

"We have had much bad construction during the last sixty years," said the commissioner. "Big buildings, filled with inflammable material, which burn readily, were erected, legally, however, under the building code of the city, and there is nothing we can do but hustle to a fire the moment an alarm comes in."

3,000 Educators at Southern Conference.

Before 3,000 educators from all parts of the South to attend the fifteenth annual meeting of the Southern Educational Conference, at Nashville, Tenn., Robert C. Ogden, of New York, president of the conference, delivered the principal address. Reviewing the activities of the conference he said:

"Public opinion has been created, educators have been inspired, legislation has been more intelligent, taxation has been increased, careful study has been stimulated, and the whole spirit of the movement kept in progressive and intellectual activity."

$10,000 for a Vassar Scholarship.

A mi-careme dansante was held in the ballroom of the Plaza Hotel, New York, to raise money to complete a ten-thousand-dollar fund to establish a scholarship at Vassar College to perpetuate the name of a woman teacher who for thirty-five years conducted a girls' preparatory school which many Vassar alumnae attended before going to college.

Mrs. George McAneny, Mrs. Morgan R. Howe, Mrs. J. Aspinwall Hodge, Miss Virginia Gildersleeve, Dean of Barnard College; Miss Mary Reiley Smith, Miss Emily Dawes, Mrs. Frederic Martin Burr, Mrs. Vernon C. Brown, Mrs. J. Culbert Palmer, and Mrs. Joseph Ulman were the patronesses.

Among those who were active in raising the fund were Mrs. James M. Taylor, wife of the president of Vassar College; Mrs. Henry Allen Pearson, Miss Sarah E. Newman, Mrs. William Edwards Milne, Mrs. Henry S. Fleming, and Mrs. William Reynolds Brown.

Fancy dances, from the time of the toe dancing of the Italian court to the present day, were illustrated by Madame Rosina Galli, Maurice, the Parisian dancer, and other professional dancers.

The identity of the teacher in whose name the scholarship is to be established was not made public, but her school was carried on in this city, and also near Poughkeepsie. She retired four years ago. All Vassar graduates, according to the patronesses, know who she is.

A University in Brooklyn.

Mr. Charles N. Chadwick, chairman of a committee appointed to take action for the promotion of a University of Brooklyn, puts his cause, says the New York *American*, on the right ground.

He says that Brooklyn will support the project and furnish the money if the people of Brooklyn can be assured that the proposed institution will put new life into the general educational system of the borough and will help to make the graduates of that system fit to serve the community and earn an honest living.

This is not the day for leisurely and sentimental philanthropy in "higher" education. If there ever was a day when the multiplication of colleges for their mere decorative effect could be looked upon with complacence, that time has certainly gone by.

The university of the future—in Brooklyn and elsewhere—is destined to be a civic and municipal institution of the highest practical utility. It will be knitted into the everyday life of the people, and will serve as a citadel of strength for the rallying of the constructive forces of society against all those elements of disintegration and special interest that are now so rife among us.

Woman Wills $2,500 to "Rattlesnake Pete."

Clara Ide, a wealthy spinster, whose estate, in the town of Riga, near Rochester, N. Y., is a show place of the county, willed 160 acres and $30,000 to found a model farm for the benefit of persons who may wish to study agriculture in a practical way.

The will directs the organization of a corporation with a board of managers, to include the master of the Riga Grange, the supervisor of the town, and the chairman of the county board of supervisors.

Miss Ide left the income of $2,500 to a person, to be selected by the executors, who will care for her parrot, "Captain Flint." "Rattlesnake Pete" Gruber, who cured the bird of a rattlesnake bite, is named guardian of the bird. He says "Captain Flint" will live fifty years more, barring sickness or accident.

Miss Ide's will directs that her saddle horse Pollux be cared for by the model farm corporation, and that he be buried alongside Castor, another favorite horse already dead, and she orders that the ground shall never be plowed in the part of the farm known as the horse cemetery.

Children Less Than the Furniture.

A correspondent writes to the New York *Globe* as follows:

"In answer to the appeal to parents to present their views on the child problem, I should like to let him know it is considered very bad form indeed to speak about children, as people do not care to hear of the subject at all.

"Having three children of my own, I know what I am talking about. I take as good care of them as I possibly can; also training their minds, although I make them help themselves and depend upon themselves, too.

"Children should be the first consideration in a home, whereas they are thought the least about; even the furniture is considered more by some parents. It takes the combined effort of both father and mother to rear children, for no matter how clever a mother is, she cannot bring out the best that is in the child.

"No matter how we should like to hide mean thoughts from children they learn them outside of their home anyway.

"The best way is to be frank with children, for if they cannot speak freely in their own homes they will fall into bad company. Whereas both parent and child would be spared many a heartache if children would confide in their parents. By all means let parents gain their children's confidence and not laugh at them or chase them away if they happen to say something unpleasant."

Motor Car Runs Vacuum Cleaner.

W. Bollinger, of Whiting, Ind., is using a delivery wagon to carry around his vacuum cleaning outfit. When the car takes him to his place of work, he throws the chains from the rear sprocket all to a shaft that runs through the car and which in turn is connected with his vacuum cleaner, so that the motor in the car runs the cleaning machinery.

This machine has been working every day without a single replacement. His working hours run from fourteen to fifteen hours a day, and every day excepting Sunday. The average gasoline used per day is four and a quarter gallons. The engine when running goes at about a speed that would drive a car around fourteen to fifteen miles per hour. He reports that at present the motor is running as good as ever. He feels that in running the motor all day long and every day for eight months it is much better performance than were it running all this time over ordinary bad roads.

Entertaining a Federal Judge.

The talk about the Ozark hound and the hound-dawg song, recalls the episode of Laz Spencer in the courtroom scene of Opie Read's play, "The Starbucks."

Laz, like all the other witnesses, was trying to "stall" in the interest of the old moonshiner, and undertook to entertain the Federal judge with an anecdote.

"A man up our way," said Laz, "had a lot of dogs. He used to take one to town and trade him for a pint of likker.

"One day he took along the biggest hound you ever see. When the storekeeper give him the likker, this man said: 'What! Don't I get nothing back, to change?'

"And the storekeeper give him an old setter and a half pup."

$30,000 to Preserve Battle Flags.

The United States Senate, at Washington, D. C., passed a bill for the preservation and exhibition of the battle and regimental flags in the possession of the United States and now it, the naval academy at Annapolis. The bill was reported to the Senate by Senator Swanson, who said it was unanimously recommended by the committee on naval affairs and by the sec-

ty of the navy. The bill had already ed the House and carries an appropria- lof $30,000.

The Conservation of School Children.

A notable gathering of physicians, educators, and others interested in medical sociology assembled in Drown Memorial Hall, at Lehigh University, in South Bethlehem, to attend the first day's conference on the conservation of school children. The convention was held under the auspices of the American Academy of Medicine.

The general subject taken up at one session was "Deficient and Backward Children." It was discussed under four headings, considerable interest centering in the address on "Sterilization and Segregation," by Doctor Henry H. Goddard, director of research in the Vineland Training School for Backward and Feeble-minded Children. He declared that there are three in every one hundred school children who are feeble minded. He declared that colonization and sterilization is the only solution of this problem.

Judge Helps Prisoner's Wife.

After sentencing George Poppleton, a former United States sailor, to the penitentiary for six months on his plea of guilty to burglary, Judge Foster, in general sessions, in Jersey City, presented the sailor's wife with a $5 bill and promised to see that she did not want during the time her husband was in jail.

Poppleton was suddenly thrown out of work last winter and most of the furniture in his home was sold to purchase food for his wife and two children.

Poppleton pleaded guilty and was brought up for sentence.

Society Woman to Dig for Buried Treasure.

Two women, both well known in society, in London, England, will shortly leave England to search for hidden treasure in an island off the Southern Spain.

They have chartered a 200-ton yacht from a well-known yachtsman, who will probably participate in the search. The treasure is said to amount to millions, and to have been hoarded by pirates. Record of the affair, it is added, are in the British museum.

The two women visited the island last year and spent five weeks there, accompanied by a representative of the government to which the island belongs.

By the terms of the agreement the government claims one-third of the treasure.

Life Saved by Rubber Gloves.

Unconscious for hours, Private Charles Sheldon, of the Twelfth Company, U. S. Coast Artillery, who was found insensible on sentinel duty by an officer at Fort Wright, at Fisher's Island, New York, recovered and told his story at the hospital. He said that during a thunder storm a sharp flash of lightning wrenched his rifle from his grasp, and he remembered nothing more. His heavy rubber poncho and gloves undoubtedly saved his life.

John Burroughs, at 75, Works Hard.

While seventy years has long ceased to be regarded as any way near the allotted span of man's life, congratulations may be extended to Mr. John Burroughs, the noted naturalist, who recently celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday.

This is no great age, of course, says the New York *Telegram*, but few men who have lived that number of years look or feel as youthful as Mr. Burroughs. The day, he wrote, "finds me in good heart and health, my interests in life unabated, and with more work to my credit for the last year than for any other year of my life."

This remarkable man is not only a regular contributor to the magazines, but is busily engaged on a book.

The secret of Mr. Burroughs' unimpaired mental and bodily vigor at his age is that he lives in a country place close to nature, pursuing his studies unfretted by the little cares the ordinary man permits to worry him.

History in Bronze in Custom House.

The treasury department at Washington, D. C., granted permission for the erection of a bronze tablet on the wall of the new custom house, in New York, in commemoration of the first Catholic service held in New York City.

The service was held in 1683, by the Reverend Thomas Harvey, S. J., within the walls of old Fort James, which occupied a part of the site of the present custom house.

This tablet will be erected by the Order of the Alhambra, which is affiliated with the Knights of Columbus. Cardinal Farley has given aid in promoting the plan.

All Hello Girls to be Widows.

The "deadline" for age does not appear to be drawn as sharply in England as here, says the *Times*, of Troy, N. Y. The idea that a person is "old" at 40 and should be "chloroformed" at 60 is rejected.

Public administrators in England select employees of maturity, experience, and reliable habits.

The British post-office department, which recently took over the telephone service, contemplates replacing young "hello girls" with older women, widows preferred.

"The explanation is that older women are steadier, more reliable, and less given to "nerves" than the young things. Youth has advantages and opportunities peculiarly its own, but much of the world's work can be done best by those who have had years of training and who have the sobering sense of responsibility.

Suffragette Ejects Husband Who Voted Wrong Way.

James Saigh, who said he was paid $3 for working for Alderman Coughlin, of Chicago, sought shelter one night at the South Clark Street Police Station. He said his wife took the money and ejected him from the house. His wife, a strong Republican, became angry when her husband refused to go out and work for Coughlin's Republican foe.

Lowell Strike Helped Labor Generally.

Although strikes are still in progress in various Massachusetts textile centers, the largest one, at Lowell, brought about a noticeable improvement in general conditions. Several of the smaller labor difficulties were settled and a strike of thirty thousand cotton-mill operatives at New Bedford was averted by doubling the original five per cent advance in wages.

A further readjustment of wages, which will bring equal wages to all operatives in cotton mills from Maine to Connecticut engaged in the same classes of work, is anticipated.

The closing of the seven big textile mills of Lowell as the result of a strike conducted by the Industrial Workers of the World, has thrown fourteen thousand persons out of employment, although the mill owners assert that not more than twenty per cent stopped work voluntarily. Manufacturers declare they will keep their plants closed for six months, or a year, if necessary.

Ta-ra-ra-Boom-De Ay.

Jose Collins, one of the principals at the Winter Garden, New York, sang "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-De-Ay"—made famous by her mother, Lottie Collins, twenty years ago. Miss Collins has the original score of the song, and had a copy made of the dress and the big picture hat worn by her mother when she appeared at the old Standard Theater. New lyrics were written to fit the air.

Miss Collins had never before sung this song in public, although she made an attempt at it on the opening night of "Vera Violetta," at the Winter Garden, and had to give up because she could not remember the words.

Most Remarkable of Arctic Journeys.

The explorer, Joseph Jacquet, arrived at Dawson, Alaska, after fourteen years of continuous residence in the Lower Mackenzie River country, bordering on the Arctic Ocean, accompanied by Albert Ross, an Indian boy.

He came from Fort MacPherson in the record time of twelve and a half days. At first they traveled nine hours a day, equipped only with three light blankets, some flour, and bacon. They killed five rabbits, gave most of the flour to Indians, and carried neither stove nor tent. The trip, therefore, was one of the most remarkable winter journeys ever made within the arctic circle.

On the return, Jacquet made a little trip of 150 miles to Eskimo Lake and return, to get his wife, whom he left with friends in the arctic.

Society Leader Distributes Bonnets to Poor.

Frederick Townsend Martin, New York society leader, presided at a distribution of new spring bonnets to 130 poor little girls from the lower East Side. They received these hats through a number of prominent society women.

The bonnets were fashioned by amateur milliners who entered the annual hat-trimming contest of the Sunday Kindergarten Association, which was held recently at the home of Mrs. Henry L. Burnett.

Plans for the Welfare of the Immigrants.

Oscar S. Straus, former ambassador to Turkey, strongly indorsed the aims of the newly formed American Immigration and Distribution League.

The league held its first convention at the Hotel Manhattan, New York. The membership includes nine governors and twenty mayors, as well as United States senators, representatives, and clergymen of various denominations.

Mr. Straus said:

"This convention, I believe, will mark a big step toward the ultimate solution of

America's greatest problem—the welfare of the immigrant and his evolution into an American citizen. The movement aims not only to aid the immigrant, but to mold into a higher individual standard that large portion of our citizenship made up of foreigners.

"Give the immigrant an opportunity to settle advantageously away from the big cities and he at once becomes a consumer of the products of the factories and shops of the city instead of a competitor in the already overcrowded ranks of those who toil in them."

Guinea Pig Serum Cures Cancer.

Cure of a case of cancer in the neck of a woman by the injection of guinea pig serum was reported by Doctor G. H. A. Clowes, of Buffalo, at the annual meeting of the American Association for Cancer Research held in the University of Pennsylvania.

Doctor Clowes also presented strong evidence of the certain relation between cancer and diseases of parasitic origin. Out of 1,500 cases, 200 were determined to be cancer by tests of the blood for anti-trypsin reactions.

Every marked anti-trypsin reaction had indicated that a disease was cancerous long before the experts could correctly diagnose it in any other way. Subsequent malignancy of the affection and death confirmed the anti-trypsin test. Doctor Clowes said the intention is now that the anti-trypsin test would be a constant aid in diagnosis of complicated cases of the dreaded carcinoma.

College Presidents Against Summer Baseball.

What effect the meeting of the presidents of the big eight conference colleges held recently, at Chicago, will have on the summer baseball squabble, is being discussed all over the country.

The prexies went on record as in favor of two faculty representatives from each college, and also the upholding of the standard of "amateur athletics" on college teams. Their action was taken to mean that they oppose the idea of allowing collegians to earn tuition money by playing "summer baseball."

Interest now centers on the question whether the conference, influenced by the president's action, will turn down the Illinois summer baseball proposition and precipitate a crisis.

A Natural-history Lesson by a Traveler.

A recently returned traveler from the tropics reports that a species of ants which spin silk is common in hot countries. The ants nest in trees, binding the leaves together to make their nests.

The silk used for this purpose is not secreted by the adult ants, but by the larvae. In order to attach the silken threads and draw the leaves together the ants must carry the larvae about from leaf to leaf. When two distant leaves are to be drawn together a remarkable method is employed. Five or six ants form a chain bridging the gap between the leaves and gripping the waist of another in its mandibles. A number of such chains will cooperate in bringing two leaves together.

Bible Quoted on Leprosy.

At a hearing in which the Bible figured as authority on leprosy, Superior Judge Clifford, at Tacoma, Wash., declined to issue a restraining order preventing the county authorities from fencing in John B. Early, the supposed leper, on the property he occupies at Summit View, a suburb.

Expert witnesses declared there was practically no danger of any one contracting the disease from Early. In an attempt to controvert this, witnesses for the Summit View residents quoted passages from the Bible.

Stone Books in Peking.

There is one public library in Peking, China. It is the library of the Kuo Tze Chien, or "School for the Sons of the Empire," an ancient university that existed a thousand years before the Christian era. This library, cool and stone, the books of stone are clearly carved all of the "Thirteen Classics," the summary and essence of all Chinese culture.

This same library itself is not of the age of the School for the Sons of the Empire, but probably dates from some time late in the Mongol or early in the Ming dynasty, about 500 years ago.

Chinese Woman Voter in Frisco.

Mrs. Pon Yue, wife of a produce merchant, registered in San Francisco as a voter. She was the first Chinese woman in California to do so. She is 23 years old.

She speaks the English language fluently, and when asked her party affiliation was not content to say merely "Republican," but volunteered that she was for Taft and would vote for him at the presidential preference primary election. Roosevelt is too much noise, too much agitate, stir up just to make newspapers talk."

Whale and Shark Good to Eat.

Government scientists in Washington are experimenting with a view to a careful study of the methods in vogue in Europe in preparing products from the fish that have hitherto been regarded as useless by Americans. One of the products expected to result from the experiments will be a fish paste.

While the fish from which this paste will be manufactured are very nutritive, they really have no commercial value. The flesh of the shark and that of the whale are now largely utilized for the preparation of a fish extract, all the fish flavor being eliminated by a chemical process. The extract is used as a foundation for soups and in general cookery.

Whale meat is very nutritious, according to the scientists who are making the investigations, but its excessive amount of fat renders it unpalatable to most persons. In many of the fish factories of Norway a "fish meal" is made that is eaten extensively by the nations of northern Europe.

Electric Niagaras in Paris.

Assuming that electricity in the clouds is the sole cause of the production of hail, experiments are being made in France with apparatus designated as "electric Niagaras" to "drain" the cloud of electricity.

In installing the apparatus, huge copper twists, bound together with bands of the same metal, are placed on the summit of a high tower or chimney, very much in the same way as lightning rods. These are connected, says *Popular Mechanics*, with a copper band, which leads to the ground and ends in a reservoir filled with water. By this route the atmospheric electricity flows down into the earth. The first sudden charge is replaced by a permanent one, which empties the clouds, so to speak.

Curing Children of Colic by Strange Means.

Brittany, known to so many as "The Land of Pardons," might also be called "The Land of Superstitions," for there is probably no place in France where the peasantry are more inclined to believe in the so-called hidden forces of nature and where the unscrupulous charlatan has so good an opportunity of deceiving his listeners.

Whether in sickness of in health, the peasant Breton looks for an answer to their demands in the mysterious kingdom of the supernatural, and with a faith which, to the educated, is sometimes unbelievable.

A curious instance of this widespread superstition is cited by Monsieur Paul Germain, in the *Wide World Magazine*. The inhabitants of Mutellac and district, in the Morbihan, firmly believe that the only effective method of curing their children of the colic is to carry them to a certain chapel, that of St. Manners, and deposit them on the altar. There they mumble a short prayer, the test of which you can never get them to confess—and the cure is immediately effected! Not only are the peasants reluctant to tell you the form in which they have presented their supplications, they are averse to being seen performing the little ceremony.

Railroad Terminal Has "Engagement Room."

If the Grand Central Station, in New York has its kissing gallery, the Pennsylvania terminal, in the city, has its engagement room, as one may observe by loitering around the door of a certain magnificently furnished room.

It is not considered polite to kiss in public, but one may kiss to one's heart's content in the engagement room, and none will say nay, not even the inspector of the terminal police force, whose office is directly across from the engagement room.

"Why," said the inspector, "the Grand Central people are only imitators. It made us all mad to think those people were getting away with the idea that they had something new in a 'kissing gallery.' Just bosh eliminated and we are the sweethearts and cousins, aunts and uncles, grandparents and grandchildren, greeting one another. Those in there now are waiting the arrival of a train."

When the train came in, two persons were seen hurrying across the concourse, and, reaching the engagement room, were affectionately greeted by those who had waited their arrival. The room buzzed with the animated talk concerning family history.

Those contemplating paying a visit to their city relatives to spend a month or two may send instructions to be met in the engagement room.

Chinese Suffragettes Knock Out Police.

Chinese suffragettes, at Nanking, China, dissatisfied with the National Assembly's academic resolution favoring woman suffrage, forced an entry to the assembly and, after knocking down the police on guard, smashed the windows of the build-

ing. The meeting had to be suspended for a time, and was reopened under military protection.

Alaska Convention for Champ Clark.

The Alaska Democratic Convention opened at Valdez with forty delegates. The sentiment favored Champ Clark for president. Mr. Jennings, of Juneau, will be nominated for delegate in Congress.

One of the most wonderful journeys Alaska has known was the two-thousand-mile drive of Charles Herron, Nome delegate to the Republican Convention, which met at Cordova. He left Nome with ten racing dogs and a heavy sleigh. On his arrival at Chitina, on the Copper River Railroad, the runners of his sleigh were worn through, the dogs covered with mud, and Mr. Herron had lost twenty-five pounds in weight. Thomas Marquam, another delegate, accompanied Mr. Herron from Fairbanks. One day they covered seventy-seven miles to insure train connection at Chitina.

Queer Jury Verdict in West Virginia.

A Wheeling, West Virginia, lawyer says that he has heard many queer verdicts in his time, but the quaintest of these was that brought in not long ago by a jury of mountaineers in a sparsely settled part of that State.

This was the first case for the majority of the jury, and they sat for hours arguing and debating over it in the jury room at the rear of the courtroom. At last they straggled back to their places, and the foreman, a lean, gaunt fellow, with a superlatively solemn expression, voiced the general opinion:

"The jury don't think that he done it, for we allow he wa'n't there, but we think he would have done it ef he'd had the chanst."

British Army Officers Tell How the Monocle Came into Use.

Recent discussions of the effectiveness of the British army, in Parliament, in London, England, have brought to light the fact that about a century ago a British army order was issued forbidding officers to wear eyeglasses or spectacles. But a shortsighted officer belonging to a crack cavalry regiment had in mind to resign his commission or stumble blindly, and he invented the single eyeglass.

When called to account by the authorities he claimed that the monocle, being of the circular number, did not contravene the order against spectacles and glasses in the plural.

Red tape accepted this literal rendering of the law, and, becoming popular in the British army, the monocle was in a short time adopted by civilian beaus.

Kermit Roosevelt Hunts in Maryland.

Kermit Roosevelt, son of Theodore Roosevelt, who shot lions in South Africa and escaped injury, is a strong devotee of hunting foxes in Maryland. The ex-President's son arrived in Baltimore to hunt with the Elkridge Fox Hunting Club, and it leaked out that while trying out his mount he had a spill, but fell on soft earth, and was not injured.

The big hunt began at Farmington, in Harford County, starting from the estate of J. Rush Street. The party made their way to Kenwood Inn, where they were joined by a number of experts, men and women riders from Baltimore, and there the entire party was photographed.

Kermit was the center of attraction. The hounds soon started up a fox, and, after a short run, Reynard eluded the dogs. Later, a second fox was scented, and for a full hour he carried the hunters over hill and dale. This fox, too, managed to escape, and no further game was started up during the day.

Young Roosevelt returned to Baltimore, enthusiastic over the sport, with which all new to him.

Actors Have Nothing to Sell but Themselves.

The comedian, George W. Paige, who plays *Professor Maboom* with "The Girl From Rector's," in speaking of his profession, says the actor is the luckiest of lucky men.

"No other profession in the world enjoys the God-given privileges that fall to the lot of the men and women who devote their lives and talents to the entertainment of the public," he said.

"The man who paints beautiful pictures, poor chap, as a rule has to die before his work is appreciated. The writer, under the best possible conditions, has to wait until his brain product has had time to circulate in printed form before he reaps his reward. And more often than not, with the writer, he, too, has to join Gabriel's band in order to secure a reputation for skill and talent.

"But the actor is the most fortunate and lucky of men. The spoken word, the song, the action of his countenance, his facial expression, these are his tools. He appears on the stage, he speaks lines that convey either comedy or serious intent. Or perhaps it is his singing that pleases. He gets his reward at once. Applause! Laughter! Appreciation!

"Blessed indeed is the man who can make people forget their troubles and worries. His mission is, to my mind, the best in the world. He has nothing to sell but himself."

Brave Midshipman Saves U. S. S. "New Hampshire."

Through the coolness of Midshipman Godfrey De Courcelles Chevalier, U. S. N., the battleship *New Hampshire* was saved from serious damage by flood.

Chevalier was in the engine room of the *New Hampshire* when the 8,600,000 battleship was being floated—she had been in dry dock for an annual cleaning—and he discovered water pouring into the fireroom.

Calling to Chief Machinist C. C. Holland, Chevalier rushed down the steep steel ladder and crawled on hand and knees along a narrow passage to the point of danger.

The young officer grabbed a bucket of red lead, and, with Holland by his side, he reached the valve. His first surmise was correct, and the lead was plastered in sufficient quantity to stop the flood.

It was Chevalier who, as commanding officer of the launch of his ship, saved sixteen men from drowning in the Hudson.

Wills Fortune to Her Horse.

The filing of the will of Susan L. Munroe, of Fall River, Mass., shows she has left a fortune estimated to amount to $100,000 to her faithful mare, Daisy, that had served her for twenty years and more.

The mare has inherited a savings bank account and shares of stock in two of the richest mills in Fall River. A trustee will use the income for her comfortable maintenance and support. Provision has also been made for a fitting burial. Then the fortune is to be divided among Miss Munroe's relatives.

Lapps Live on Reindeer.

The Swedish Lapps live entirely with, by, and upon their reindeer. A Lapp who owns a good herd is a rich man. His taxes are assessed upon the number of deer, he is inclined to underestimate his herd.

The most dangerous enemy to the herd is the wolf, which can kill many deer in a night. A band of wolves can make a rich Lapp poor.

When the snow is deep and soft and it is announced that wolf tracks have been seen in the neighborhood of the deer, the swiftest runners on snowshoes prepare for an exciting chase.

The hunter does his best to outrun the others, for the wolf belongs to the Lapp who strikes the first blow. As soon as the leading hunter is close enough to the wolf he gives it a heavy blow across the loins with his strong, spiked snowshoe staff. If there are other wolves to be pursued, he kills it outright; if not, he disables it and waits till all the hunters have arrived before giving the death stroke.

College Professor to Weigh Sun and Moon.

Professor Reinhard F. Wetzel, of the College of the City of New York, who has discovered the weight of the earth to be 7,500,000,000,000,000,000 tons, a wonderfully delicate instrument by which he now hopes to weigh the sun, the moon, and the planets.

The professor's theory is that in order to ascertain the weight of planetary bodies it is only necessary to find the force of attraction between any two bodies of known size.

To discover this force, he connected two small silver balls by a steel wire. He fashioned a framework at the base holding two lead balls, which are moved back and forth together with the silver balls. Each time the silver balls swing toward the lead ones a mirror shows the angle of attraction on the scale several feet away. Calculations in algebra and physics do the rest.

England Has $32,000,000 Surplus Cash.

The British budget for 1912-13 was introduced by David Lloyd George, chancellor of the exchequer, in the House of Commons, in London, before the thinnest attendance on such an occasion for fifteen years.

The chancellor was in the comfortable position of having $32,375,000 remaining from the year just closed. This, he said, was the largest realized surplus on record.

The loss to revenue from the coal strike has been inward of $20,000,000, so that but for the strike the surplus would have been $52,000,000.

The estimated expenditures for the finan-

cial year 1912-13 amounts to $034,265,000, an increase of $28,095,000 over that of the past year. This is mainly due to the compulsory insurance act for workmen and the acquisition of all the telephones in the United Kingdom by the state.

The chancellor argued that his scheme of taxation had met the increased expenditure of the nation and provided a surplus without taxing the necessaries of life or interfering with trade.

From the good trade outlook he considered that it was safe to estimate an expansion of most of the revenue-producing taxes. He announced, therefore, that, although there would be no reduction of taxation, no new taxes will be imposed.

The revenue for the coming year he estimated at $935,045,000, leaving a surplus of $1,320,000.

Railroad President Wrecks Train.

While President Charles A. Wickersham, of the Atlanta & Westpoint Railroad, in Georgia, was acting as engineer on a fast train, the engine struck a split switch near Eastpoint, jumped the track, carrying with it several coaches.

President Wickersham stuck to the throttle, however, and succeeded in stopping the engine after it had bumped along ties for nearly 200 yards. The engine was then buried itself in an embankment. Wickersham narrowly escaped being crushed to death, but sustained only a few bruises. The passengers escaped with a severe shaking up.

Not Much Left on Earth to Discover.

A joke writer, after referring to Amundsen's discovery of the South pole, says that there is now nothing much left to discover except the brass tube Doc Cook left at the north pole.

Taft Receives Many Letters About Olympic Games.

Interest in the United States in the coming Olympic games at Stockholm, Sweden, has become so great that hundreds of letters have been received at the White House, at Washington, requesting President Taft to make public the names of American commissioners to the games.

The committee in charge of the contests has informed President Taft that no foreign commissioners are expected.

Spanish King's Aunt Writes a Book.

"It is an established fact that we have become slaves to our servants, who impose lordly conditions on us when they enter our services, compelling us to accede to their unreasonable demands under pain of ostracism by the whole servant class.

"In America—I cite typical examples—things have come to such a pass that the family cannot have meals at home on Sundays, because the chef, or cook, spends his or her Sundays in the country."

So says the Infanta Eulalia, of Spain, in her book, "The Thread of Life," which caused a rupture between her and her nephew, King Alfonso, when the book first appeared in Paris under the incognito of Comtesse d'Avila.

The royal authoress was a guest of America during the World's Fair, in Chicago, and took advantage of her visit to study conditions in this country. She has always been interested in the problem of the home, particularly in regard to domestics, and in her book she shows that she has a keen insight into the difficulties which confront the housewife. It is evident from somethings she says, however, says the New York *American*, that she is not thoroughly acquainted with conditions on this side of the Atlantic. Probably her own unfortunate experiences with domestics have created for her a prejudice which runs through the chapter.

As a solution of the domestic problem, the princess writes enthusiastically of "Service by the hour." She suggests that companies to furnish this service be formed in various cities, so that we could telephone to one of them when we wanted a bath, or to be dressed, or to have our hair arranged, or our housework done, and so on.

"What a pleasure," she continues, "to feel free in our own homes, to know that we were no longer spied upon, that we were our own masters, with no flunkeys!"

The book is a series of essays, in every one of which she gives her views on the subject discussed. The one covering the domestic problem is headed "Servants."

"Since the abolition of slavery," she writes, "domestic service has assumed continually new and more impressive forms, until now, as an institution, it threatens to disorganize the world. Words like liberty, equality, fraternity, which some do not understand at all, and others misinterpret, are responsible for great unrest in society.

"The domestic of the past, a man or woman working for wages, yet forming an integral part of the family, no longer exists. As ideas of loyalty gave way to false conceptions of liberty, servants steadily altered their code of manners, and have now become intolerable.

"In our day, servants looking upon themselves as a particular kind of 'employee,' are exacting, intractable, and highly specialized in their domestic functions.

"Except in palaces and large private houses where the staff is continually renewed and wages are high, good service is no longer to be met with."

Illinois Pig an Octoped.

An eight-legged pig was born on the farm of Jacob Snavely, four miles east of Shannon, Ill. It is a very peculiar-looking animal. It has one head, which is exceptionally broad, two tongues, and two palates. The shoulders are grown together and are very broad. Two legs turn upward and the other two downward. From the shoulders back the animal's body is in two separate parts. Each of the hind parts of the body has two legs and a tail.

Boy Worth $40,000 is in Dire Need.

The late George Brinkerhoff, of New York, our time United States consul to Cuba, left a fund of $40,000 for his thirteen-year-old son, but the child is penniless and in dire need of the necessaries of life, according to statements made before a surrogate in New York. The estate is tied up in litigation. The court will try to find some means of temporary relief.

Tarpedo Boats to be Used as Naval Targets.

Three torpedo boats—the *Cushing*, *McKee*, and *Ericsson*—which have passed their usefulness, have been designated by the navy department to serve as targets for bombardment by the big dreadnoughts of the Atlantic fleet.

The little craft have been ordered to Norfolk to strip their furniture and other fittings. The ships will be filled with cork to keep them from sinking should one of the deadly shells hit them below the water line.

Boxing Bouts at Madison Square Garden.

Frank Farrell, heading a syndicate of New York sporting men, has leased Madison Square Garden, and will stage weekly boxing bouts there, in which the best-known boxers in the world will compete. An application for a license will be made to the State Athletic Commission, and as the lease is a genuine one, the license will undoubtedly be issued. Tim Hurst, Jesse and Rod McMahon will be the matchmakers.

Doctor Sleeps While Patient Counts a Thousand.

Members of the medical fraternity tell the following story of a New York physician, now a leading member of the profession, who as an interne in a Chicago hospital years ago incidentally held his own with a crowd of rather gay friends.

One morning the interne awoke, to find that he had sadly overslept. Half dazed, he put on his clothes and made his way to the hospital. The first patient was a big Irishman.

"What seems to be the trouble?" asked the sleepy doctor, as he stifled a yawn and took the patient by his pulse.

"It's me lungs, doc," said the man. "They're in a bad way. I can't get me breath at all."

"Your pulse is normal, but let me examine the lung action a moment," replied the doctor, kneeling beside the cot and laying his head on the Irishman's chest.

"Now talk a bit," he continued, closing his eyes and listening attentively for sounds of pulmonary congestion.

"What shall I say?"

"Oh, say anything. Count, one, two, three, and so on, that way," murmured the interne drowsily.

"Wan, two, three, four, five, six," began the patient.

When the young doctor, with a start, opened his eyes, the Celt was continuing huskily: "Tin hundred and sixty-nine, tin hundred and sivinty, tin hundred and sivinty-wan."

Steel Company Trying to Improve Conditions Among Workers.

Judge Gary, head of the Steel Trust, admitted that the Steel Corporation is not "self-satisfied as to conditions among our workmen." But he immediately added that there had been great improvement, and that more would follow.

Half the men employed in blast furnaces and rolling mills, he acknowledged, work twelve hours a day, but the twenty-four-hour turn has been "practically abolished."

Judge Gary's defense was drawn out by a letter sent to 15,000 shareholders by Charles M. Cabot, along with a pamphlet on "Hours of Labor in the Steel Industry," written by John A. Fitch, a recognized authority.

In his statement, Judge Gary said in part:

"We are not indifferent as to condi-

among our workmen. We are trying to improve their condition as fast as possible. Labors in the steel trades of this country grew up with this industry; they were not established by us, and we cannot change them all at once.

"Seven-day labor no longer exists in our mills, except under special circumstances. The twenty-four-hour turn has been practically abolished.

"While perhaps half of the men employed in blast furnaces and rolling mills have a twelve-hour day, more or less modified by periods of rest, only 25 per cent of all the employees of the Steel Corporation work twelve hours a day, and the twelve-hour day is confined almost entirely to those departments where operations are continuous.

"In most of those departments it does not seem practicable as yet to substitute eight hours of labor for twelve. The men do not wish a change which will reduce their wages one-third, and business conditions do not permit an increase in wages."

Business Kings of Many Nations to Inspect Our Industrial Centers.

The Merchants' Association, the Produce Exchange, the Board of Trade and Transportation, the National Association of Manufacturers and the American Manufacturers' Export Association, all of New York, decided to join the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce, and to send delegates to the sessions to be held in Boston, September 14 to 17.

As the congress has never before met in the United States, it is attracting much attention from American business men because it is expected that it will afford to enter into relations with the commercial leaders of all other civilized countries. Great stimulus to the foreign trade of this country is expected to result.

President Taft is honorary president, and Secretaries Knox and Nagel, Senator Cullom, and Representative Sulzer are honorary vice presidents of the general American committee.

Most of the sessions are to be held in Boston, under the auspices of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, the event will be made national in its scope by a tour of many of the leading industrial centers of this country, to be made by 100 or more of the distinguished foreign delegates in a special train after the close of the business sessions.

A resolution is now pending before the Congress of the United States which extends official government recognition to the international congress, under which the United States government will officially extend invitations to the governments of the world, in addition to the business organizations to be represented.

The purpose of the congress is to facilitate the commercial intercourse of nations, and to promote cordial relationship between them. The recommendations adopted by vote of the delegates are carried out by a permanent committee, the headquarters of which are at Brussels. This congress will give consideration to a number of important questions affecting international commercial relations.

King George's Mastiff from Tibet.

The recent arrival at the Zoölogical Gardens, in London, of six Tibetan mastiffs is likely in time to start a new fashion in dogs, especially as these belong to King George, and the craze for big dogs seems to be growing.

In appearance, says the New York *Herald*, the newcomers, which are part of the king's Indian collection, are something like what one would expect the progeny of a mastiff and collie cross to be.

They are sturdy animals, with black and tan coats, and they carry their tails, which are very bushy, well over the back. Their heads are broad and of the mastiff build, with pendulous ears, hanging lips, and eyes that are wolflike.

In their native country they are trained to give notice of all strangers, and to guard the sleep from evil spirits.

Evidently the lot that has arrived in London are not to be trusted, for they are penned behind iron bars, and they do not regard friendly overtures from visitors with favor. The Tibetan family, which includes sire, dam, and four puppies, appears to be the worst of the lot in this respect, and even regards his keeper as an enemy, except at meal times, when he evinces so much interest in his food that he forgets all about the grudges he imagines he owes the attendant.

Who Christened the Executive Mansion "White House."

Discussion in Washington of the inauguration of a new president next year, has brought out the fact that just how the White House came to be so designated is a question on which interest in his food that a local historian in Washington thinks that the burden of proof tends to give credit for the name to President Madison.

The original house was made of Potomac River freestone, and the capitol proper was built of the same stone. At the time the British burned the executive mansion they did a lot of other damage, and the country was ringing with shouts that he has never. The walls of the mansion were only slightly damaged, other than being blackened by smoke.

Money was scarce, and Congress made an appropriation to have the outside of the house painted.

White was selected as the best color. Madison, in a letter to a personal friend, wrote:

"Come in and see me at any time. You will always find me at the white house."

The executive mansion may have been called the White House before that time, but this investigator says that he has never been able to find any record of it. If Madison did not officiate at the christening, it has been emphatically stated by the historian that he took a prominent part in publishing the fact that the White House was to be the name of the mansion.

Up to the time of President Madison the executive mansion, which is the legal name for it, was generally spoken of as the president's house, but since then it has been known by its permanent name of White House.

Camp-fire Girls Organize in Kansas City.

Plans for the organization, in Kansas City, Mo., of the Camp-fire Girls, with purposes similar to those of the Boy Scouts, were completed. Mrs. C. B. Bowman will be director. "Wohelo," a word composed of the first two letters of work, help, and love, is the camp's motto.

To stimulate interest, there are to be four orders among the members, wood gatherers, fire maker, torch bearer, and guardian of the fire. The wood gatherer will be taught the following desire:

"To become a Camp-fire Girl and obey the camp-fire law, which is to:

"Seek beauty.
"Give service.
"Pursue knowledge.
"Be trustworthy.
"Hold on to health.
"Glorify work."

After becoming a wood gatherer, the girl, to reach the next rank, must prepare and serve at least two meals for meetings of the camp fire, repair stockings or a tear, patch a knitted undergarment, and hem a dish towel.

She must sleep with windows open or out of doors for at least a month. Qualifications for the last two ranks are based on the training of new girls in the mysteries of the organization.

The recognized uniform will be a short-skirted dress of galatea, fringed with beads.

Woman Restaurant Keeper Pays $5 for a Chicken.

A woman on a snowbound train on the Missouri Pacific, near Eagle, Nebraska, who returned to Lincoln, said she paid $5 for a chicken, which was all she had to eat during her stay on the train.

She made a foraging expedition to a near-by farmhouse after she found that the train was not likely to get out of the drift for some time.

After many vain attempts to persuade the occupants of the house to part with something in the line of food, she finally obtained one chicken, cooked, in exchange for a $5 bill.

The woman, who is engaged in the restaurant business in Lincoln, said that this is the highest price she ever paid or ever hopes to pay for a chicken.

Hamilton College Students Vote for Woodrow Wilson.

The Junior class of Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., held its annual beefsteak dinner at the Hotel Utica. The dinner was followed by a theater party.

In a straw vote conducted by Hamilton *Life*, the college newspaper, to determine the sentiment for the Democratic candidate for president, Woodrow Wilson was chosen by a large majority, the figures being: Wilson 119, Harmon 29, Champ Clark 25, others 11.

Studying Winds on Lake Erie.

The 250-mile trough of Lake Erie lies approximately in the direction of the west to southwest winds which prevail in that part of the country.

Thus the lake offers an excellent opportunity for studying the effects of the wind upon a large body of inclosed water, and very interesting these effects sometimes prove.

Rhythmic gusts produce a rocking motion, and great blows from the west or southwest sweep the liquid body of the lake eastward and sometimes cause a rise of eight feet or more at Buffalo in the course of a few hours. As soon as the maximum force of the gale has passed the water swings back. Continued rockings are observed on days when the strength of the wind fluctuates.

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